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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	SCIENCE:	PAGE
GARVIN'S LIFE OF CHAMBERLAIN (Elie Halévy)		805	Science in the Making (Gerald Heard)	826
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			OUT OF DOORS:	
French Political Experiments (E. L. Woodward)		807	Milk Production in England Today (James Macintosh)	827
Scottish Nationalism (John Cameron and John MacCormick)		810	Canal Fishing (T. A. Waterhouse)	828
The American Debt (Raymond Gram Swing)		814	What You Can Grow in Your Greenhouse (C. H. Middleton)	829
'Consider Your Verdict'—a Commentary		832		
The English Jury System		832		
Training Centres for the Unemployed (J. R. Passmore)		835		
THE LISTENER:			THE CINEMA:	
An Urgent Social Service		812	Vigour and Truth from British Studios (Cedric Belfrage)	830
Week by Week		812		
ARCHITECTURE:			POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Three New English Cathedrals (M. I. Batten)		815	Wheat or Rye?—Farmers' Difficulties—Practical Value of Spinoza's Teaching—The World's Armaments—Judaism and Christianity—Affectations of Speech—The Attack on Einstein—How the Mind Works—Liberty in the Soviet Republic	833
Art in Ancient Life—VIII. Architecture as an Art (Professor Bernard Ashmole)		821		
PSYCHOLOGY:			BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
The Power of the Unconscious (The President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association)		818	Travellers' Tales (G. K. Chesterton)	836
ART:			Autobiography in the Novel (Desmond MacCarthy)	837
The Painter-Critic (Herbert Read)		820	The Listener's Book Chronicle	839
HEALTH:				
Getting the Best Out of Middle Age (A Physician)		824	POEM:	
THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:			Midnight (Robert Gittings)	836
A Real Questionnaire (Harvey Grace)		825	SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	vi
			THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	vii

Garvin's Life of Chamberlain

By ELIE HALÉVY

pecial interest attaches to this review of the new 'Life of Joseph Chamberlain',* since the latest volume of M. Halévy's 'History of the English People' dealt with the culminating period of Chamberlain's career, between 1895 and 1905

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has had a double political life. There has been, down to 1885 or thereabout, the extreme Democrat, hated by Conservatives. There has been, from 1895 onwards, the founder, or second founder, of British Imperialism, hated by Radicals. But was there really nothing in Chamberlain's political first life which might have allowed you to guess what his second life was to be? The problem cannot but haunt the mind of the reader of Mr. J. L. Garvin's brilliant biography. It cannot but have haunted the mind of Mr. Garvin himself.

Man of Action

One thing apparently remains constant through these deep changes: the temper, the fierce temper, of Joseph Chamberlain. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Garvin should have, we will not say dissembled, but slightly toned down, this aspect of his hero's personality. Those who are old enough to have heard him address the House of Commons, cannot forget the hissing biting aspercence, the growing exasperation of his opponents, and, while they shouted and interrupted, the imperturbability of his impassioned coldness. It is an interesting revelation to learn that he had his frequently recurrent crises of doom and depression and doubt. But we cannot admit,

as Mr. Garvin gently tries to insinuate, that he was a man of culture; his readings, as Mr. Garvin is bound to confess, were made with a utilitarian purpose, and only in order to discover possible quotations. Again, Mr. Garvin suggests that there was a double strain in his nature, and that he had inherited both the clear-headed mind of his father the business man, and the lively imagination of his mother. We have our doubts about the quality of Joseph Chamberlain's imagination. His was the cold clear imagination of the captain of industry. He was a man of action, nothing else. Not amiable—formidable.

The story of his youth brings out in strong relief the pious and serious member of the Unitarian denomination, teaching in a night-school after a day of hard work in his factory, proud to assert his descent from one of the ejected clergy of 1662—'as good as the pedigree of any peer'—and organising the forces of political dissent, in Birmingham and all through England, in favour of a system of universal and undenominational elementary education. Young Chamberlain fights the battle—loses it—but through the mere fact of having fought it so pluckily, comes to the front. Nothing here of the future builder of a united Empire. The problem rather arises, how much of the former political dissenter there remained in the heart of the sexagenarian statesman. More perhaps than is commonly realised. What interests us is the other problem:

**The Life of Joseph Chamberlain*. By J. L. Garvin. Vol. I: 1836-1885. Macmillan. 21s.

how far was there a latent Imperialism in the heart, and head, of the young Radical?

Imperial Growth from Radical Roots

We do not feel inclined to lay stress upon the fact that, although a fervent supporter of John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain joined in 1860 the Volunteers, and was in favour of a war with France; nor upon the fact that in 1877 he once more demanded a warlike policy, and again, a little later on, considered the possibility of an Anglo-French Alliance as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance. Such occasional flashes of bellicose patriotism, we are afraid, would be easy to detect in the private letters of any number of Liberals, who, in spite of them, have remained orthodox Liberals to the last. Neither would we draw more attention than is due to the fact that Chamberlain was, more than anybody else in the Cabinet, responsible for the bombardment of Alexandria, and two years later insisted upon Gordon's murder being avenged. Such moves, of course, imply a distinct change of outlook since the time when he fully agreed with Gladstone in asking the immediate evacuation of the Transvaal, after Majuba. But he still wanted Sudan and Egypt to be evacuated as soon as the necessary work of revenge had been accomplished. This was Palmerstonianism perhaps—but not yet Imperialism. Paradoxically enough, we hold that the root of his Imperialism is to be looked for in the very nature of his youthful Radicalism.

Observe the young leader of advanced Birmingham Liberalism organising his famous 'Caucus' in order to make democracy efficient. Observe him, during his three years of revolutionary administration of Birmingham, giving his native city light, water, decent houses for workmen. He fights private monopolies, he fights capitalism, he does everything for the sake of the working class. But he does not belong, he never did belong to the working man. Can he avoid feeling that a workman would not do the job as well as he does it, that his work, democratic as it is in its purpose, is a work of organisation better done from above by a captain of industry and a trained business expert?

Observe Chamberlain, rising from his initial position, when he was the great man of one single provincial town, to that of national leader of Radicalism. To England, after Birmingham, he gives the benefit of a 'Caucus'. For England he means to do what he has done for Birmingham. As President of the Board of Trade he does what he can, cannot do much, but hopes and promises to do more as soon as he has got rid of the fetters forced upon him by the venerable statesman who persists in remaining young in spirits, and clings to popularity. He launches his 'unauthorised programme'—manhood suffrage; graduated taxation—in order to get a 'ransom' out of those who 'neither toil nor spin'; land for the landless. The Queen protests. Old Gladstone is alarmed. The Tory Press heaps abuse upon the 'demagogue with a silk hat'. But one thing is certain: the wealthy demagogue means business. He is tired of old-fashioned Liberalism. If Liberals, however advanced, persist in believing that their only function is the traditional one of weakening power, well, Chamberlain, little as his Tory enemies—except perhaps a Randolph Churchill—may suspect, will look to another party to bring about an increase of efficiency in the work of government.

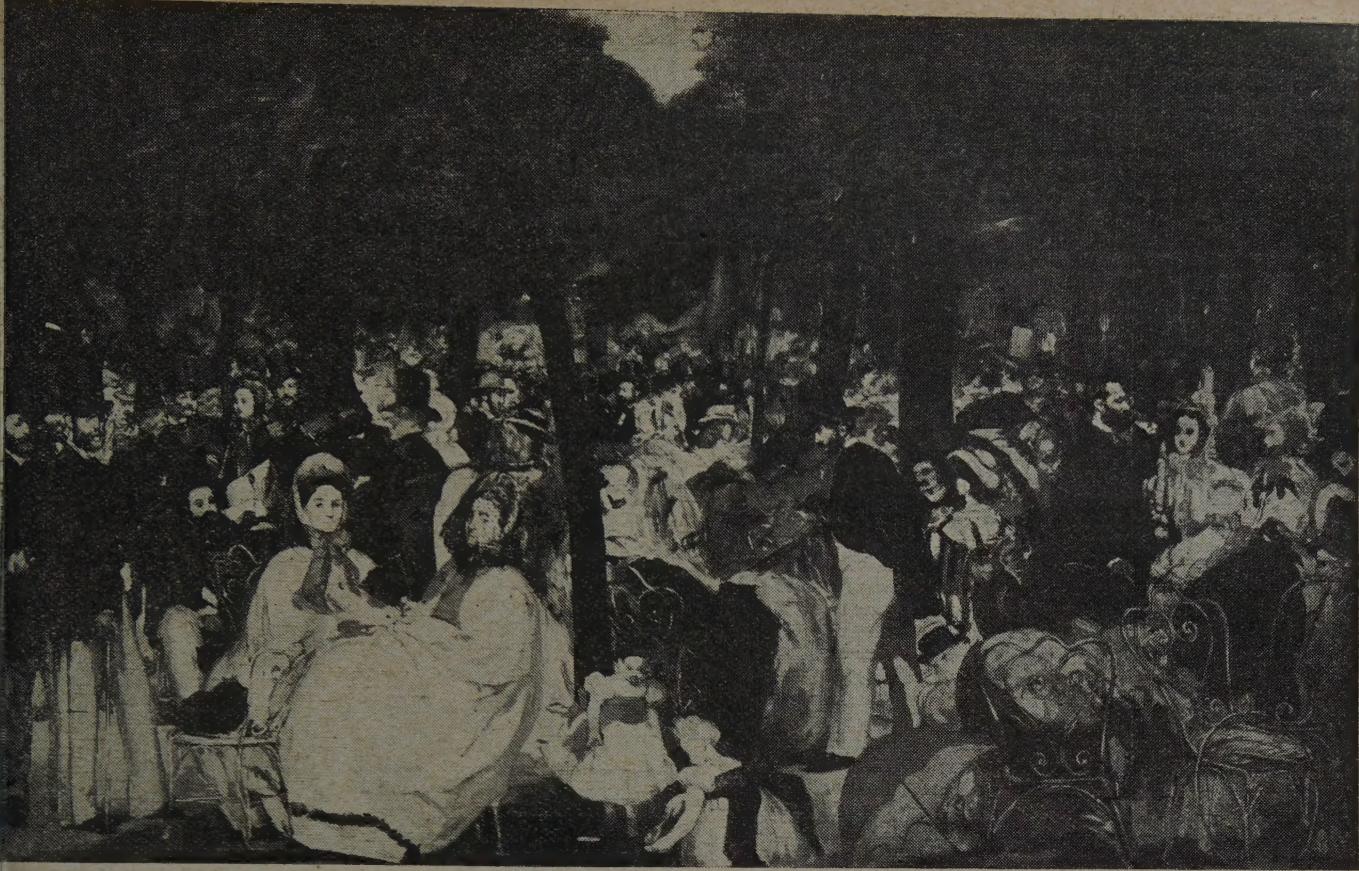
The Irish problem paralyses English politics for a time. Nothing is more admirable than the way in which Mr. Garvin unravels the tangled skein of the political imbroglio of those days. His heart beats quicker while the history he has to tell becomes more Irish than English, and looks more like an historical novel than like ordinary commonplace politics, mixed as it is with underhand conspiracies, love-affairs and murders. Joseph Chamberlain comes out of Mr. Garvin's narrative as the only statesman in the Cabinet who knew his mind, between obstinate Whigs and vacillating Gladstonians. No

separation of two nations, but a full measure of local government for Ireland; a bold land legislation; and a bold Irish policy of roads, railways, canals, industrial and agricultural development. The problem, in a word, is to do for Ireland what he has done for Birmingham. Here is constructive Radicalism evolving into something very much like constructive Imperialism.

Portrait of a Great Statesman

Then, what he has done, in three years' time, for Birmingham, what he perhaps dreams of doing for Great Britain, for Ireland, why not do it for the Empire as a whole? His intimate friend and close political associate, Sir Charles Dilke, is not only a Radical, and something more than that; he is, and always has been, a convinced Imperialist. Chamberlain accepts from the Cabinet the duty of speaking for them in reference to South African affairs. He gets more and more interested in these affairs. When it becomes known that the burghers of the Transvaal are creeping into Bechuanaland, a British army, sent upon the decisive advice of Chamberlain, blocks their way, and establishes a British Protectorate, 'for the sake of the natives'. Here is the first move, on the part of Chamberlain, which can be called distinctly Imperialistic. And then comes the momentous meeting of the South African statesman Merriman with Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Garvin has rendered a capital service to history in unearthing from among the Chamberlain papers the newspaper cutting which contains Merriman's impressions after the meeting. 'In the colonies', explains Merriman, 'we have everything which you [meaning the English Radicals] are trying to get, and more besides'. Why then should Radical diffidence condemn colonial statesmen, as soon as they land in England, to look to the Tory Party for some sympathy with their interests? 'You will never do any good in the direction of the unity of the Empire, or the federation of the colonies, until you revolutionise the Colonial Office, and put men at the head of it who make a business of their work instead of dawdling over it in the ineffective fashion with which you are so well acquainted. . . . So far as I have seen there are only one or two business men in the whole company. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, is a workman. He would put the thing through if he had it in hand'.

We expect, when we open Mr. Garvin's book, a revolution in the art of writing biography. Something more like an epic or lyrical poem than like an ordinary *Life*. Mr. Garvin has deliberately chosen to frustrate our expectations: this first volume is as matter-of-fact, as conformable to the well-known type of English political biographies, as it is possible to conceive. Not that he is able to shake off his brilliancy; here it is, scattered all along the book, although diligently subdued, suppressed, kept in its due place. And let us add that Mr. Garvin's position, as a philosophical journalist, is perhaps the best from which to observe contemporary history. The professional historian has mixed too little with politicians to understand as well as he should their ways of thinking and methods of action. The professional statesman has the opposite defect, of belonging himself to the tribe, and consequently lacks detachment. It seems to us Mr. Garvin strikes the happy mean. He is giving us the true portrait of a great statesman, who cannot be said to have been a failure, since all his successive ideas have ripened into facts, but whose misfortune has been, so to speak, the chronological misfortune of always coming at the wrong moment. His radical 'unauthorised programme' of 1885, in so far as it aimed at 'ransoming' the wealthy, became, almost a quarter of a century after he had deserted Radicalism, Lloyd George's great Budget of 1909. His imperialistic 'unauthorised programme' of 1903 is just beginning to be experimented, when, after the lapse of almost thirty years, another Chamberlain, belonging to another generation, watches, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the success of the experiment.



Paris life in the Second Empire is illustrated in this painting of a Concert in the Tuilleries, by Edouard Manet, which shows Fantin-Latour, Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier, Offenbach and Manet himself

Tate Gallery

Our Neighbours—X

French Political Experiments

By E. L. WOODWARD

FROM 1789 to 1815 the French, after overthrowing an absolute monarchy, tried different forms of government until for sheer political weariness they fell under the mastery of a man of genius, Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon was overthrown by a coalition of the Powers. The French people set out again on the search after a form of government which would combine liberty and order, and reconcile the interests of those who had been dispossessed by the revolution with the interests of those for whom the revolution meant the beginning of a more reasonable society. For two generations and more this search was fruitless. No balance was obtained between the forces of conservatism and tradition and the forces of change and progress. From 1815 to 1830 the French tried the experiment of constitutional monarchy under their old royal house. The princes of the family of Bourbon could not meet a new world in which sovereignty was held to come from below, and the king was only the mandatory of his people. The last prince of the direct line to sit upon the throne of France said that he would rather chop wood than be a king after the fashion of the King of England. It is little wonder that he was sent into exile on the outbreak of revolution in 1830!

The Second and Third Republics

A second trial was given to constitutional monarchy under Louis Philippe, a ruler who belonged to a younger branch of the house of France, and who had long shown his sympathy with the political and social achievements of the revolution of 1789. He failed to satisfy his subjects. As the years went by Louis Philippe became more and more distrustful of the nation which had chosen him as king. He refused even a minor extension of the franchise, although there were only 224,000 voters in a population of about 35,000,000. Again revolution broke out in Paris; Louis Philippe, remembering that his father had been guillotined, and that his own predecessor on the throne had narrowly escaped the mob, took ship for England. The people of Paris, a little astonished at their success, set up a republic in the name of the French nation, and the French nation nervously followed their lead. Recollections of the reign of terror under the first republic were too strong for the more conservative and the more radical elements. The conservatives were afraid of a return of the guillotine; the Paris mob remembered their power in the years after 1789, and attempted to bring about a social revolu-

tion. The idea of social revolution frightened property-owners. Meanwhile the nephew of the first Napoleon, believing, like his uncle, in his star and his high destiny, had been biding his time. He now came forward with an appeal to the tradition and prestige of the first Empire. A Bonaparte would be a guarantee of order, a bulwark against reaction. Louis Napoleon had the votes of the middle class. The peasantry feared alike a return to the old regime, if the royalists came back, and a confiscation of property if the Paris socialists had their way. Therefore the peasants also voted for Louis Napoleon. Many of them thought they were voting for the great Napoleon himself! The Second Empire restored the institutions of the First Empire, but it could not raise the dead. Dictatorship, if it is not a mere flash in the pan, needs a man of genius; Napoleon III was only a man of talent. Napoleon III was beaten at Sedan, and his empire fell with military defeat. The French nation had still failed to reconcile liberty and order, to secure for themselves the institutions under which they could live the good life.

The Third Republic was founded in the hour of national humiliation. One of its first tasks was the repression of the violent revolution of the Paris Commune; a revolution which arose out of despair, without a definite programme, though outsiders, including Karl Marx, afterwards created the legend that the Commune was an attempt to begin in France the social revolution preached by the communist manifesto. The propertied classes, and those who depended upon them, were still afraid of a republic. They were inclined once again to try the experiment of a royalist restoration. The hopes of the monarchists were ruined by an act of their own candidate for the throne. The head of the house of Bourbon, or Henry V, as he styled himself, refused to exchange the white flag of the Bourbons for the tricolour flag of the revolution. Upon this symbol the monarchist battle was fought. The French people judged rightly, and it is possibly the greatest service of the Pretender that he was clear-sighted enough to agree that there could be no compromise between the principles of the revolution and the principles of monarchy by divine right. The hour passed, and the republic—as the form of government which divided Frenchmen least—was established by men whose sympathies were anti-republican. Fifty years have gone by since the battle of Sedan. The Third Republic has survived the ordeal of a European war. If it is threatened today, the danger lies not on the side of the

extreme right, though the monarchist party can still raise a shout, but from the obscurer workings of communism among ill-paid workmen or minor State officials. As late as the turn of the century, however, the republic was by no means secure. Many competent observers inside and outside France doubted whether it could outlast a crisis. In the minds of Frenchmen therefore the republic was on the defensive. Its stability was shaken by General Boulanger, a light-witted adventurer who talked largely and charmed the people of Paris by riding a spirited black horse, and ran away to Brussels when the government summoned up courage to deal with him. The problem of security which dominated the foreign policy of France also dominated the main issues of French internal politics. The government never felt safe. Its opponents could not be given the chance to organise their forces or to educate a younger generation to distrust the republican regime.

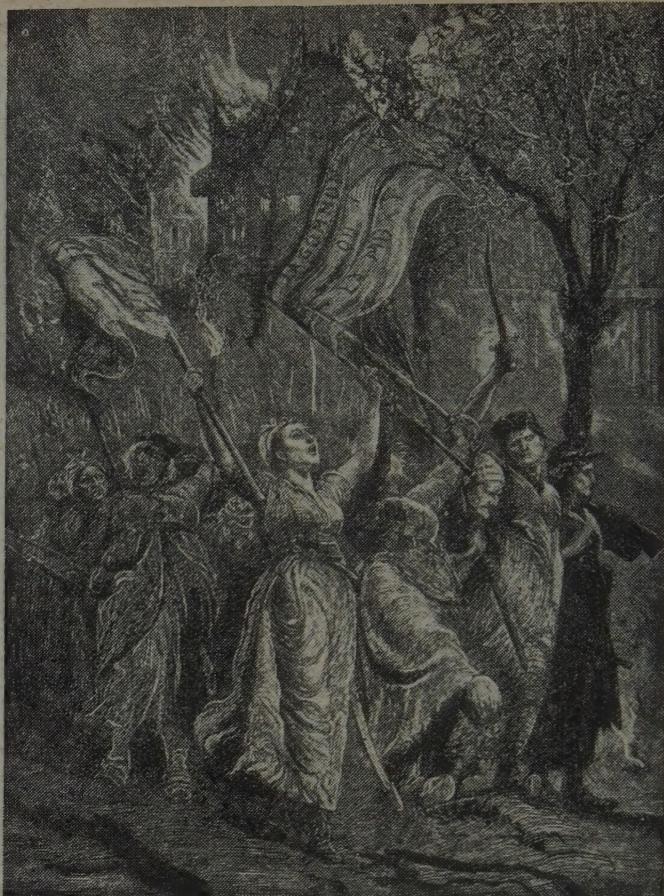
Mutual Distrust

The consequences of this instability were lasting; their effects can be seen in nearly every aspect of French life today. There is in modern English political life nothing to compare with this anxiety about the very foundations of the State. The bitterest opponents of Mr. Gladstone rarely thought that he wanted to overthrow the monarchy. The opponents of the French Cabinet Ministers made no secret of their wish to abolish the office of President. Political life in France has never got far from a struggle over fundamentals. The history of the revolutions is taught to all Frenchmen. Few Englishmen know the day of the month upon which the royal assent was given to the First Reform Bill. Few Englishmen even know the year in which household suffrage was introduced. Yet in Paris some of the main streets are called after days of the month in which successful revolutionary acts took place; the street of the fourteenth of July—every French schoolboy knows that the Bastille fell on the fourteenth of July. The street of the fourth of September—again every French schoolboy knows that the Third Republic was proclaimed on the fourth of September. The only date of this kind which all England remembers is the fifth of November, and the fifth of November is the anniversary of a revolutionary plot which did not succeed. Moreover, while the republic was on its trial every small question became a test case, every scandal a sign that the republican regime had failed. A minister had been found guilty of corruption; what else, said the royalists, could be expected of a minister of the republic? When Captain Dreyfus was accused (wrongly, as it turned out) of betraying military secrets to a foreign Power, the case excited Frenchmen because it affected the question of security in its two most important aspects. The disgraceful attacks upon Captain Dreyfus in the later stages of the case were made by men who believed him guilty because they imagined that he represented the laxity and corruption of the republican regime. Under such a regime you might expect republican officers to sell military secrets to the enemy. The reaction which followed the exposure of some of Captain Dreyfus' accusers went far beyond the punishment of the few scoundrels responsible for his unjust condemnation.



The degradation of Captain Dreyfus in 1895
From 'Our Fathers,' by Alan Bott (Heinemann)

Frenchmen now saw in the support given to these accusations an attack upon the republic by royalists and by a large section of the clergy holding royalist opinions. The ministers of the republic turned upon those who had threatened the republican regime, and did their best to destroy their organisation and make them powerless to gain new converts.



Amazons of the Commune marching to defend a barricade against the National Guards after the Franco-Prussian War
From 'Our Fathers,' by Alan Bott (Heinemann)

See-Saw of Political Life

Consider now some of the general effects of this attitude of defence upon the France of today. In the first place the sharp division between those who have defended and those who have attacked republican institutions has meant the exclusion from French political life of a conservative upper class which might have redressed the balance in the French Chamber and brought to it a valuable tradition. In the second place the predominance of the idea that the republic has been in danger has brought into French politics many men, perhaps too many men, of great talent but of a temperament unsuited for compromise. The problem of internal security became almost an obsession. The leader of the attack upon the church at the turn of the century had been trained in a theological seminary, and obtained a doctor's degree in theology. When he lost his faith he did not merely become indifferent to religion; he gave his energies to an attack upon the church to which he had once belonged. It was in this school of internal bitterness that M. Clemenceau was trained. The importance of the issues at stake has led to a tradition of ruthlessness in French political life. French ministries are short-lived. There have been seventy of them between 1870 and 1931. It is true that one might compare them often to a stage army. The same men reappear in different groupings. Yet there is too little opportunity for a Minister to gain a full and quiet experience of the problems of his department, too much opportunity for him to learn the art of lobbying, of forming temporary alliances and joining those with whom he is not in permanent agreement in order to turn out his opponents. He will very likely find himself in the same Cabinet with men whom he has attacked the day before as traitors. This continual transformation of Ministries has lowered the prestige of parliamentary government in France. Many Frenchmen will tell you with a shrug of the shoulders that 'they do not occupy themselves with politics'. It has made difficult the formation of large and stable parties, with a well-known set of principles, and a programme of legislation clear in its main issues. It is true that there have been 'blocks' as they are called; but if you look into the causes which have brought these blocks into existence you will notice that they have been negative rather than positive causes. The blocks have been called into existence through this recurrent need for defence. They have tried to destroy the resources of the opposition, but they have made little attempt at constructive work. Ministers in their turn have often accepted measures brought forward by extremists and disapproved by the more moderate men. They dare not reject these measures because they dare not risk the charge of playing into the hands of the reactionaries or the enemies of the republic.

The Violence of the Political Press

This absence of strong political parties clearly defined and with long traditions has led to certain evils from which we in England are relatively free, even if it has had certain advantages which we do not enjoy. For example, each fraction of opinion as had its own newspaper. Most of these newspapers have had little money behind them. Poverty of material resources does not necessarily mean that a newspaper can take an independent line, or escape the blandishments of financiers or even the propaganda of foreign governments. The division of opinion, the multiplication of journals, the absence of strong party control which in the long run, and in large parties, tends to be in the hands of the moderate men), the deep cleavage between different views about the character of the French State, have led to an extreme violence of language in political contests. The French nation, which can boast of the most courteous language, which lies behind it the tradition of the noblest rhetoric in the world since the fall of the Roman Empire, has long possessed, together with some of the finest examples of modern journalism, the most virulent political Press in civilised Europe. Foreigners who are surprised and at times pained at the unfairness and personal crudeness with which their own statesmen or the policy of their countries are treated in certain French newspapers might well look further into the columns of these papers. They will find that politicians of repute and honour in France are treated with no less violence of abuse. The personal element plays a much greater part in political elections in France, particularly in the provinces. I do not, however, want to give you the impression that French politics resemble nothing more than an orchestra, each member of which plays his own instrument, or in which the violins and the flutes combine merely to drown the sound of the cellos, while some of the players have dropped their instruments and left the platform in disgust. At least the parties of the left are strongly organised today, and have developed a strong discipline. Even throughout the most confused periods of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries you could have recognised two main divisions of opinion in France, though the leaders of these opinions were not as strongly united among themselves as the members of the two great English parties. You might divide Frenchmen politically into two camps. There were those who believed, or at all events hoped, that the epoch of democratic change begun by the revolution of 1789, and continued at the later revolutions, had reached its term. There were those who believed that the leaven of the revolution was still working, and that further democratic measures were necessary. After the revolution of 1830 these two 'blocks' of opinion were named the 'party of resistance' and the 'party of movement'. Under the Second Empire political life of a parliamentary kind was unreal, as it must always be unreal during a period of dictatorship. After the establishment of the Third Republic you notice once again this main division in French politics. The party of resistance could be subdivided into the royalist or Bonapartist groups and the conservative republicans. The latter were content with the republican form of government, but they did not want any further change of a radical kind. The royalists and Bonapartists did not want a republic at all. The party of movement could also be subdivided into two groups: the radical republicans and the socialists. The radical republicans wanted to see the extension of direct popular control and the complete secularisation of the State. They had no final quarrel with capitalist society as such, although they were on their guard against the establishment of new privileged orders based upon wealth. The socialists refused to accept the middle-class republic, and felt that, as long as this middle-class domination lasted, the era of revolution ought not to be closed. At the beginning of the twentieth century these main lines of division still remained. The socialists were stronger, the conservatives were weaker. Many Frenchmen would tell you that behind these political lines of division you could see a battle between continental, and especially French, freedom on the one hand, and on the other hand the Roman Catholic Church.

Effects of War

I need not trouble you with the minor subdivisions and alliances formed in the years immediately before the War. The first result of the War was a coalition of parties. A sacred union of parties does not always mean a sacred union of politicians, and the political truce did not survive the difficult months when the War seemed endless. The main result of the War from the point of view of parties was the violent reaction of the socialists, especially after the Bolshevik revolution, against any kind of bourgeois Ministry and any kind of bourgeois policy. The predominance of M. Clemenceau in France from 1917 onwards was a phenomenon very much like the predominance of Mr. Lloyd George in England. In France, as in England, popular opinion, rightly or wrongly, felt that the hour needed a man, and that in the choice of the man the party affiliations of the past should not count for much. Since the War, French politics have been dominated by three main issues. The first is the old problem of security about which I spoke last week. The second issue, the question of financial stability, is new, at

least in the form which it has taken since 1918. It has been associated with, and cannot be dissociated from, the problem of reparations and inter-allied debts. The third issue has been the challenge from the extreme left, particularly from communism. Different men and different parties give widely different estimates of the seriousness of this third problem. Apart from these main issues, the War and, more recently, the economic crisis, have had two effects upon French political life. The electorate in France as in other countries has become deeply discontented. One result has been a growing dissatisfaction with parliamentary institutions—though no one has shown that any other form of government is better adapted for settling the great and novel problems of the time in accordance with the popular will. The other result has been the expression of this discontent in political 'landslides'. A party or a group of parties is put into power; it fails to settle problems which are almost beyond immediate settlement. At the next election the people show their indignation by changing over in unusually large numbers to another group or party, and another set of men. The second effect of the War was most noticeable ten years ago. The mere fact of the War strengthened in France those groups whose members had always insisted upon the likelihood of war, and, therefore, upon the need for making costly and elaborate preparations for war. For this same reason the fact of the War weakened for a time the parties which had attacked military and naval expenditure and had thought war extremely improbable. As a consequence, in the period immediately after the peace, the moderate radical groups (in England we should have regarded them in most respects as mildly conservative) came together to support M. Poincaré. M. Poincaré's policy failed to satisfy the electors—the results of the occupation of the Ruhr were a great disappointment—and in 1924 there was one of these landslides. This time the slide was towards the left. The left began a new foreign policy, the policy which, as I mentioned last time, accepted the Locarno pacts. Yet the financial policy of the left did not bring confidence. There was a collapse of the franc. A new grouping was formed to fight the battle of stabilisation and defend the franc. The supporters of this coalition lived in uneasy union, since the more radical elements disliked the return of M. Poincaré and the more conservative and nationalist elements disliked the foreign policy of M. Briand.

In the last few years the position has again become obscure. The elections of this year showed another leftward instinct. The problems of today are perhaps more serious than those of 1919. These problems appear in England, and have begun to appear in France, as infinitely more serious than those of the years before 1914. At least we know their seriousness. There may be a false pessimism; there is no false optimism. Moreover, the character of politics is changing. Questions which were formerly regarded as purely political questions are now stripped of their political clothes and stand in their economic nakedness. There is, indeed, a danger that Frenchmen, and people of other countries, may over-emphasise the economic side of political issues.

Political liberty is a reality; it has been won with difficulty, and it may be lost almost by accident and neglect. You will have seen that, under different circumstances, and by methods different from our own, the French nation has been trying to solve these large problems of state. If I were to sum up in one sentence the contribution made by our neighbours in France to the stock of European political wisdom in the last 150 years, I should say that French political experiments and French political life have centred round the establishment of a strong, reasonable and stable political order based, in the words of the first revolutionaries of 1789, upon Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Our Christmas Number

The Christmas Number of THE LISTENER (price, as usual, 3d.) will be published this year on December 21, and will contain many attractive features in addition to the usual texts of broadcast talks. These features will include the following:

FRONT COVER—An original snow and woodland scene designed and specially engraved on wood by Claire Leighton.

FORECASTING—In view of the interest roused by Mr. H. G. Wells' recent broadcast in which he called for 'Professors of Foresight' who would forewarn us of the future consequences of new inventions and developments now taking place in our midst, THE LISTENER has persuaded a number of distinguished public men and experts to contribute forecasts dealing with various aspects of the nation's life, such as industry, the countryside, politics, education, entertainment, health, language, etc. The contributors will include Lord Melchett, Lord Eustace Percy, Aldous Huxley, Le Corbusier, F. A. E. Crew, and C. S. Orwin.

CHRISTIANITY IN ART—The same issue will contain an eight-page photogravure supplement on 'Christianity in Art', giving examples of the inspiration which the Christian idea has given to the artist in all parts of the world, and throughout the ages; accompanied by an article on the same subject by Professor Worriinger, author of *Form in Gothic* and other notable works.

LITERARY FEATURES—Poems by Sir Henry Newbolt and Walter de la Mare. Essay by Sean O'Faolain.

Scottish Nationalism

This contribution—by Mr. Cameron, an Advocate-Deputy, and Mr. MacCormick, Secretary of the Scottish Nationalist Party—to the lively 'Attack and Defence' series in the Scottish Regional Programme is rendered all the more topical by the recent discussions on Scottish Home Rule in both the English and Scottish Press, and the debate on the subject in the House of Commons

Attack: By John Cameron

SCOTTISH Nationalism is a vague-sounding phrase. What does it mean? What is its purpose? The phrase is a kind of generic term to cover discontent with things as they are today in Scotland and a muddled desire to change them. It is applied to a political movement whose promoters and adherents have usurped for themselves, on grounds neither clear nor satisfactory, the title of Scottish Nationalists. I am a Scot, and nationally minded, but I am not a 'Scottish Nationalist'. The purpose of this movement appears to be to free Scotland of political shackles which are almost entirely a figment of imagination and to endow her with a 'kailyard' variety of the Westminster Parliament. By these means Scotland is to experience either an industrial renaissance or an agricultural revival. To my mind there is not one single reason to justify such an assumption. Never was there a more insane prescription for restoring prosperity to an ailing society. The ills from which we in Scotland suffer today are in the main economic—political grievances no doubt exist, but in true perspective they are of little moment. With these ills Scottish Nationalism makes no attempt to grapple. This movement of yours, incoherent in design, irresponsible in policy, and blind to the inevitable cost of its ambition, is, in its present form, not only of no help but an actual menace to the future development of Scotland.

You see on every side evidence of industrial depression, of a gradual paralysis creeping over the whole land; the coalfields of Lanarkshire, the shipyards of the Clyde, are silent; the jute mills of Dundee and the tweed mills of the Borders are closing one by one. Amalgamation and combines are swallowing up the old names of Scottish commerce—these phenomena, it is alleged, are due to the deliberate concentration of industry in the South. The blame for this is put on England; never on our own supineness and cowardice. But this southwards trend is only of recent growth. There is no shadow of evidence to suggest that this movement is the product of deliberate conspiracy or malignant design, and yet, if you were right, it must be so. Therefore, you are wrong. The causes of depression lie far deeper—in dislocation of trade, burdens of debt, and shrinking markets. It is contended that only a Scottish Parliament can turn that melancholy tide. That is nonsense, and demonstrably so. Is England prosperous? Precisely the same story of shuttered factory, silent pit, and empty yard is told, and as truly, on the South as well as the North of the Border. Even if there were a difference, what justification can you find for imagining that by breaking away from England you can revive the industries of Scotland? There is none. You have only to look across the Irish Channel; is Northern Ireland one whit better off since it got a separate Parliament? Has the existence of that Parliament increased the sale of linen by a single yard or the output of Queen's Island by a single ship? The depression of industrial Scotland is largely due to causes economic, not political; international, not national. Apart from this, I think that the idea that we can be made good or happy or prosperous by Act of Parliament, and that an empty belly is less empty because its owner has a vote for a Parliament in Edinburgh or Glasgow, rather than for one in London, is both grotesque and pernicious. Parliaments cannot make Scotsmen use their brains. Parliaments cannot create trade. Parliaments cannot obtain orders for Scottish coal for which there is no market, nor for Scottish ships for which there is no demand. Reliance on Parliaments destroys self-reliance, and self-reliance was never more needed than it is today. In any event, trend of industry southwards is an argument against you, for where trade is government goes.

But what of this Parliament that you want? Whom will it represent? It will not represent Scotland. The vast concentration of voters in the industrial west will swamp the rest of the country. That balance must be redressed if Scotland is to live again. The tide of migration from country to town must be turned. It is in the development of our natural resources, and particularly the rebirth of rural Scotland, that the best and only hope for the future really lies. How is this to be done if not merely urban but highly industrialised areas command a permanent and self-regarding majority in your Scottish Parliament, a majority powerful out of all proportion to its intrinsic merit? The so-called tyranny of England is nothing compared with the inevitable tyranny of such a majority. And then, a large proportion of that mass is alien alike in origin and outlook. This is a real menace and one which has got to be faced. Are you prepared to deal with it? Then you assume that parliamentary government is appropriate for Scotland. Rather a wide assump-

tion, I think, particularly with single-chamber government. The Scottish Parliament was never an admirable institution. Scotsmen have shown little real aptitude for parliamentary government. The Scotsman is not fitted by nature to be a good parliamentarian. The genius for compromise, which is a necessity for parliamentary government, is not one of our conspicuous qualities. The history of the Scottish churches amply proves that—and remember, it was the General Assembly which was the nearest Scottish analogue to a House of Commons. To how many warring sects has presbyterian Scotland given birth? Even the vaunted Union of the Churches has produced, as was to be expected, its body of irreconcilables, who have added yet another to Scotland's imposing list of seceding and separate kirks. Put two Englishmen on a desert island and they will form a club, two Scotsmen and they will form two churches united solely by the bonds of common hostility. There are already several sects of Nationalists and there seems good prospect of more.

It is difficult for an outside inquirer to understand the policy of Scottish Nationalism. It is, so far as intelligible, marked by disquieting irresponsibility. Its ambiguity is notorious, and its leaders speak with discordant voices. But on one point most of your leaders agree—in enmity towards England. So far as that is a pose, it is puerile; so far as it is sincere, it is pitiful. This hatred of England is one of the things I can least understand. There is not a shred of evidence of deliberate ill-will of Scotland by England; this raking up of the dead ashes of forgotten quarrels is a poor game for aspiring statesmen. Can you not forget Flodden for once?

Then it is openly said by many Nationalists that England is in decay, that her industries are doomed and her wealth perished, and that for this reason Scotland should dissolve so unprofitable a partnership. That is an argument unworthy of a Scotsman. I have always heard that it is the rats who first leave a sinking ship.

But what of the cost of all this? I am prepared to concede that Scotland has distinct administrative grievances which call for remedy and to agree that a revival of Scotland may need a focus, and that a capital city is, perhaps—other things equal—the best focus. But your remedy is of prohibitive cost. What is the price of this freedom? You propose to take over the government of a country of approximately four millions, with its heavy industries at the lowest point of depression and not much sign of immediate revival. Taxation is already high—indeed, there are many who think that the peak limit of taxable capacity has been reached. Further taxation might, and probably would, result in flight of capital and certain refusal of new investors to venture their resources. And you cannot compel investment. How will you finance it? How will you adjust the burden of unemployed maintenance that was shared among forty-eight millions to a population of four millions? How will you discover a new market to replace that from which you will surely be shut out? If Scotland for the Scots is a good cry, England for the English is a better—for the Englishman. How will you pay for road and rural expansion from the same restricted source? How will you pay for your new Government, your new Parliament—far less your navy and army, a navy and army that can only act as an integral part of the hated English navy and army? These things must all be paid for, and the only people who can be called on to foot that big bill are our already impoverished fellow-countrymen. How will you repair the severed arteries of commercial union and save your new Scotland from bleeding to death? Bankruptcy would be the immediate fate of so rash an adventure. These are practical questions, to which I have seen no adequate answer. Fine words butter no parsnips. Finance—as always—comes first, but it is the last thing of which Scottish Nationalism speaks.

There is, I think, no doubt that Scottish Nationalism in its present form is a charlatan movement. It prefers political quackery to constructive effort; it is disruptive and destructive. Instead of urging self-reliance it preaches the threadbare doctrine of state aid. It is not on these lines that regeneration will come. The root problem of Scotland is food and land; organise, develop, and co-ordinate your production, marketing and supply. Industry will then revive and find its natural level. Solve this problem, and the Scotland that we live in will be nearer the Scotland of our dreams. Your Scottish Nationalism, with its pinchbeck heroics, its political posturings, and its sham sentiment, is just a will-o'-the-wisp. Follow it, and you will find that it points—and can only point—to disillusion, despair, and ultimate disaster.



If Scotland were to have a Parliament, a probable site for it would be on the Calton Hill, seen in the background on the right

The Times

Defence: By John MacCormick

YOU have asked for a definition of the meaning and purpose of Scottish Nationalism. My best answer is to tell you as simply as I can what we Nationalists believe. We believe that Scotland is a nation rich in all the characteristics, the traditions, the potentialities which are bound up in nationhood. We believe that it is the true function of a nation to live its own life, to develop in its own way and thus to make its own unique contribution to the life of mankind. We are profoundly dismayed by the prospect of Scotland being wholly merged in England, of her name being blotted from the map of the world, of her memory becoming no more than a dim legend in the minds of men. We see what you have not had the courage to realise, that after 200 years of governmental union with England, all that we still hold precious is slipping from our grasp. We recognise that without self-government in the fullest sense, Scotland can no longer maintain her individual existence in the face of all those standardising influences which emanate from London. We believe that it will profit us nothing if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul.

It seems to me, Mr. Cameron, that you are torn between two masters. As a good Scot, you desire to see all that we consider Scottish being maintained and developed to maturity. But you cannot help acknowledging in your own mind that, in fact, everything Scottish has been disappearing for the last hundred years, and so you seek some compensation in the material benefits which you have convinced yourself accrue from union with England. You have decided to serve Mammon, and, like most idolators, you fail to understand that your idol has neither enriched your harvest nor staved off misfortune.

What I have said should make it clear that the setting up of a Parliament in Scotland is only incidental to the aims of Scottish Nationalism. A Parliament is the immediate objective, the instrument with which we can begin to rebuild national life. Scottish methods of government will no doubt evolve in a manner quite different from the hide-bound traditions of Westminster. There is no reason to suppose, as is suggested, that a Scottish Parliament will simply be a kail-yard variety of the Westminster brand. A Scottish Parliament will be the means through which the Scottish people can express their own ideals and aspirations in national development and social reorganisation.

You have concentrated upon the so-called economic argument against self-government, and though I must remind you that economics are only incidental to our nationalism, I am bound to reply to what you have said. The southward trend of industry is admitted as a fact. But you say that this fact is really an argument against us, because the centre of government tends to follow the centre of trade. Nothing, I think, could be more manifestly a reversal of the truth. Wherever the centre of political and financial control may be fixed, that is the point towards which prosperity will inevitably tend. London has never been the natural centre of industry in Great Britain. It is situated hundreds of miles away from even those parts of England itself

which have most contributed to English industrial prosperity. It has been described by an English economist as a huge parasite luxuriously living upon the toil and produce of the North. Even in Yorkshire and Lancashire today you will hear many bitter complaints against the evil effects of centralisation in London. The southward trend of industry is due not to any inevitable economic law but to the simple fact that in these modern days, when politics and finance and industry are so intermixed, the centre of government has it in its power to compel the centralisation of prosperity.

Consider what is actually happening. One Scottish industry after another is being amalgamated with similar English concerns, often as a result of pressure from the financial controls in London. It almost invariably follows that the Scottish branch of the industry is either closed altogether or is greatly cut down. For examples I need only cite the railway works, the calico printing industry and the chemical industry; but everyone knows that the list is almost inexhaustible.

It is said that this process is merely accidental and not the result of deliberate design on the part of England. Let me therefore remind you that Mr. Stanley Baldwin himself, speaking to a great gathering of Unionists a few years ago, declared it to be his idea of Unionist policy that they should concentrate, not on spending money in the depressed North, but on building houses in the prosperous home counties for the accommodation of those workers who must inevitably follow the trend of industry. I am not imputing to Mr. Baldwin or his compatriots any sinister desire to destroy the last vestiges of Scotland. They do not need to harbour such desires for they already believe that Scotland has long since been merged in England, and that it does not really matter whether there is any industry left in Scotland or not so long as the dispossessed workers of Scotland can join in the trek to the happier South. Their attitude is that Scotland and England being joined together, the two have become inseparably one. But the case of Jonah and the Whale is a good parallel. 'We two', said the Whale, 'are one, and I am that one'.

The whole pseudo-economic argument which is being manufactured today against Scottish Nationalism can quite fairly be summed up thus. Scotland is a small country, a poor country, an unenterprising country, therefore she must always depend upon the benevolence of England for whatever scraps of prosperity come her way. At a meeting in Glasgow the other day a prominent shipping magnate declared, for example, that our shipbuilding industry in Scotland depends almost entirely on the generous English who kindly permit us to build their ships. That is typical of a spirit among our so-called industrial leaders which more than anything else is responsible for Scotland's modern decline. Surely the sane view is that Scotland will continue to get orders for ships so long as she builds the best ships in the world. Adopting that view we will never rest on our

(Continued on page 838)



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

An Urgent Social Service

THE Government has recently announced that the long-neglected question of co-ordinating and extending recreational, social and occupational facilities for the unemployed is to be taken in hand seriously as a national policy backed with public money. The decision arises from a realisation that we can no longer afford as a community to allow so much human energy and personality to remain doomed to the inevitable slow demoralisation that accompanies the permanent prospect of idleness combined with poverty. The recognition of this fact by the State follows upon a long series of efforts and experiments put forth by various voluntary movements, the biggest and best known of which, the allotments scheme, originated with the Society of Friends. These voluntary movements represent a remarkable diversity of methods of approach to the problem. In most parts of the country by now halls or centres have been provided at which the unemployed may meet, in many cases with the certain provision of comfort and amusement. But the need is for much more than merely 'whiling away time'. Recreation, in the true sense of the word, is what is called for—the discovery of ways whereby those who are deprived of any share in the active work of society can make a contribution both to the maintenance of their own welfare and efficiency and to the good of the community.

The experiments which voluntary effort has so far launched are of almost bewildering diversity. Here, allotments are provided, and there attempts are made to establish small self-supporting communities. In one part of the country handicrafts are undertaken for their own sake, in another they are used as a means of training for future occupation, while in a third they have developed into workshops which may or may not embark on some form of commercial production. In some cases groups of unemployed, either spontaneously or under a local authority, have provided amenities for the good of the locality in which they live, in the form of playing fields, parks, buildings, litter-removal and so forth. In yet other places they have gone so far as to undertake contracts of an industrial character. Schemes of this latter kind at once bring the promoters up against the difficulty—should unemployed men be engaged in an occupation which might tend to take employment away from a fellow worker who is still in employment? The trade unions naturally look with disfavour on such schemes as merely robbing Peter to pay Paul; but if safeguards against this are adhered to, the range of occupation suitable for the unemployed becomes correspondingly narrowed. This is but one sample of the many thorns that beset the way of the philanthropist and social worker in this field.

The position today is that the authors of numerous promising schemes are crying out for financial assistance which would enable them to extend their scope. The Government, having now promised financial assistance in general, has to make sure that this assistance goes to the right kind of experiment. Some form of co-ordination is therefore inevitable, or the chaos in which the movement has grown up will be perpetuated. Nevertheless, the mere task of sorting out the variety of voluntary enterprises and allocating grants to the most promising is not without its own 'snags'. Where so few general principles have clearly emerged, it is natural that each group of promoters should think their own experiment at least as worthy as those of other groups and probably more suited to local needs. It is not easy to see any one national body with the commanding prestige and organisation which will enable it to bring all these experiments into line and sort them out into a coherent movement. The Government has chosen the National Council of Social Service to be the vehicle through which public grants will be made available to such work as needs encouragement. It is to be presumed that the Council will not so much take upon itself the huge work of co-ordination as act as an intermediate body for bringing into operation national agencies charged with planning out the development of the work in the main spheres which have so far emerged; that is, education (mental and physical), industrial training and production, and land work and allotments. Conflicting interests and prejudices can be gradually harmonised only by machinery of this sort, each voluntary body being made to feel itself, not a subject of compulsory co-ordination but a partner in closer co-operation.

It is evident that broadcasting has an important part to play in the great forward development that we may expect in the New Year. Publicity and exchange of information are two crying needs at the moment; for nearly everywhere local experiments are being conducted with little regard to what is going on elsewhere. The Prime Minister himself is to launch the new campaign with a broadcast on December 19, which will survey the main outlines of achievement by voluntary effort and give the Government's blessing to the undertaking; and immediately after Christmas the B.B.C. will provide one of those services in which broadcasting excels, that is a first-hand spontaneous report by a travelling commissioner who will tell the public exactly what is going on all over the country. Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who has proved so many times to listeners his power of attractive description, has been chosen as the commissioner, to go through the length and breadth of the land making personal contact with the unemployed, viewing the various ameliorative and recreational schemes at work, and telling listeners by talks given from the principal centres exactly what is being done. There are many enthusiasts to-day, we feel sure, who are only waiting for this kind of first-hand information to initiate and launch schemes in their own districts. Therefore, the impetus given by broadcasting, if a sound basis of organisation and administration is provided, should serve greatly to swell the resources devoted to the solution of this burning question.

Week by Week

THE average London workman today, when he is employed, can buy with his wages one-third more of the necessities of life in return for labour of an hour's less duration'. This striking statement was made by Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith in the course of his broadcast talk last week on the *New Survey of London Life and Labour**, which has been proceeding for the last four years under the auspices of the London School of Economics. Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith and his colleagues are treading

in the footsteps of Charles Booth, who over forty years ago planned and carried out his encyclopaedic analysis of London poverty. The New Survey, applying the same methods and standards as those of Charles Booth, aims at finding out what changes have taken place in the London of 1929 and 1930 since Booth's day. 'We set out', said Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, 'to answer three questions: (1) how far has poverty diminished or increased; (2) what is the present proportion of poverty to well-being; (3) how are poverty and well-being distributed locally over the vast London area?' To answer these, conditions have been investigated in no fewer than 26,000 streets with a population of 5½ millions; in addition to which more detailed information has been obtained from the sample of 30,000 working-class households scattered over London and so chosen as to be fairly representative of the whole. 'Up to the present, the two have yielded substantially the same result. Only the survey of the Eastern sector has so far been completed*, covering a population of 2½ millions, and including most, though not all, of the poorest districts of London. We find that in this great area the percentage of poverty in 1929 was only one-third of what it was forty years earlier. There were roughly a quarter of a million persons below the Booth poverty line at the time of investigation, whereas if conditions had remained as they were forty years earlier the number would have been between 700,000 and 800,000. These figures shew an immense improvement, and the Survey indicates that this would have been still greater but for certain adverse influences, such as the persistence of overcrowding and the increase of unemployment. Nearly half the poverty in East London is now due to unemployment or under-employment, and their effect would have been much more marked but for the operation of the National Social Services. But overcrowding and bad housing are now the dominant social problem of London. Poverty in East London is more diffused and less concentrated than it used to be in pockets where it tends to breed degeneration of all kinds. 'There are still far too many of these black spots', he added, 'as you will see from the street maps of poverty in our fourth volume; but you can also see how much they have diminished if you compare these maps with those of forty years ago'. The task of compiling the Survey is, of course, by no means ended, as four of the eight volumes which are to complete it are yet to come.

* There is a well-known Scottish guide book which, under the heading of 'Local Pronunciation of Place-Names', has the remarkable entry—'Auchterarder—usually pronounced Foggie-loan'. The B.B.C.'s latest *Recommendations to Announcers**, which deals with Scottish place-names, has nothing quite so difficult to offer (Auchterarder appears merely as *Ochterárdar*): but to a good many English people it is likely to give the impression that Scots pronunciation is nearly as illogical and absurd as that classic instance might suggest. Oddity and uncouthness are perhaps to be expected in names of obviously Gaelic origin; but once the tongue has learned the trick of the key-sounds, it is not so hard to get out a Highland name, however bristling with *ch*'s and *qu*'s it may be, for the pronunciation of these goes on fairly well-defined principles. It is the innocent-looking Lowland names that are the most unreasonable, and most mispronounced by, the stranger, and it is with these that the pamphlet chiefly deals. It shows how *ch* has a totally different value in Buccleuch, Buchan and Banchory, and *quh* in Sanquhar and Balquharn; how the *l* is pronounced in Culter, six miles away; how they sound the *z* at Moonzie in Fife but not at Monzie in Perthshire; how Berwick and Lerwick do not rhyme, nor Duthil and Muthil; how, though Strichen has two syllables, Strachan has only one; how Wyvis and Nevis are taken in two mouthfuls, but Glamis, Wemyss and Foulis must be gulped in one; how Scone is not pronounced like scone, nor yet like the common English travesty of it, and how the Carlton Jail sounds quite different from the Carlton Club. The same procedure was followed with this as with the English place-names pamphlet. Local opinion was sought on the debatable name; in this case the minister and stationmaster or postmaster of the place under discussion were consulted. The results of this enquiry were further discussed by a group of Scots associated with the B.B.C. in London, so that not even the most fervid nationalist can criticise it as being an attempt to foist English

sounds on Scots ears. But there will be criticism on other grounds, simply because many of the names have two or more pronunciations valid in Scotland (as well as any mispronunciations that may have accrued to them). Some of these variants have been recognised in the pamphlet—there is a choice with Auckingill, Cairntoul, Cramond, Dounreay and Freswick. But there are no alternatives given for others that seem equally debatable, and those who like a long *a* in the beginning of Atholl and the end of Inveraray, a *th* for *dd* in the middle of Balquhidder and a hard *ck* for the *qu* in Urquhart may be expected to protest against the recommendations of these words.

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The dress reformers are at last able to point to one very definite field where improvements have taken place. Not that the approval with which they regard the new army uniform can be absolutely unqualified—the reformation has not been sufficiently whole-hearted for that—but at least the dress is a definite advance on the old. And if progress in the right direction is made in such a conservative quarter as the army, what changes may not the ordinary civilian eventually be induced to adopt? The mere saving of from 10 to 12 pounds in the weight which the soldier must carry is sufficient to justify the introduction of the new uniform; furthermore, the open-neck shirt with no tie, the light cap affording shelter to the eyes and neck, and the ample pockets will be admitted as profitable comforts and conveniences from the soldier's point of view. He will, it is felt, also regard with approval the new bronze buttons and badges which require no polishing; the loofah pads at the back of the pack which keep it from the body and permit ventilation; the absence of impedimenta round the hips when marching; and, above all, the restricted use of puttees. The ordinary civilian, while conceding that the uniform is probably much better for its wearer, will feel inclined to remark that aesthetically little can be said for it. The deer-stalker hat and open neck do not make for smartness, and the large (and no doubt very useful) pockets do not give an impression of comfort; so that the observer is left with an uncomfortable and unsatisfying feeling that the designers have, in trying to achieve both comfort and smartness, not entirely succeeded in obtaining either. It is stated, however, that the changes are provisional, and will be given exhaustive trial before being adopted or rejected. If they are accepted permanently, we shall be able to assume that they do make for better health and comfort: and the old uniform, which will in any event be retained as the ordinary peace dress of the army, is not such that we shall bemoan its suspension for active-service wear on grounds of sartorial beauty.

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Remarkable progress continues to be recorded in the organisation of wireless discussion groups. Thus, comparing the autumn of 1931 with the present autumn, we find the number of recorded groups has increased from 438 to 548 (provisional figure), the majority of these groups holding twelve meetings each. The increase is particularly marked in three areas, the total having advanced from 94 to 146 in the case of Yorkshire, from 80 to 140 in the North-West, and from 73 to 110 in the West Midlands. Progress has been slower in other parts of the country, and so far there has been a slight decline in the number of groups recorded in Scotland and the West of England. Over 90 of the students who attended the school for training leaders at Oxford this summer are reported to be either leading or organising groups; and we are glad to note that seven of the ten LISTENER prizewinners who were awarded scholarships at the school fall under this category. The third National Conference of group leaders and group listeners is now announced for Saturday, January 7, 1933. Broadly speaking, this Conference will be similar to its predecessors, but this year, owing to the move to Broadcasting House, it will be held at the Little Titchfield Street Annexe of the Regent Street Polytechnic—after the opening meeting which will be held in the Concert Hall of Broadcasting House at 11.30. Group leaders and group listeners wishing to attend should apply to Broadcasting House for application forms not later than December 14. Those who live in parts of the country served by Area Councils for Broadcast Adult Education should apply to the Secretary of the Council for their district.

*Broadcast English—III. *Recommendations to Announcers regarding the pronunciation of some Scottish Place Names*. B.B.C. 3d. Post free 4d.

The American Debt

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

The London Correspondent of the 'New York Evening Post' here expresses the American viewpoint on the question of the Debt

IT always strikes me that one reason there is any misunderstanding about debts is because the question has two quite separate parts, and that these two parts have a way of getting mixed up in people's minds. One of these parts is the question whether the debts ought really to be considered as owing at all. The other part is whether it would be a sound business proposition for the world, America included, to have them paid, or whether it would not be a sounder proposition to have them cancelled or very much reduced. That is to say, there is the problem of right and wrong, and there is the problem of economics.

The problem of right and wrong is not the problem which today is causing so much anxiety to your Government, and to bankers and business men the world over. What they are worrying about is the economic problem. But I must not leave out the problem of right and wrong altogether. It still must be very much in your minds, and it remains in the minds of people in America. Most of you, I imagine, feel that the War was a common effort to save civilisation, and that America came into it late, and that because America was unprepared, the way she could help best was to send supplies and munitions to the front, while you in Europe were sending men; and that when the War was over it was only fair that America should not expect to be repaid for what was her chief contribution in a common cause.

Now that is a view shared by a good many Americans. But many more of them do not agree with it at all. To begin with, they say that the object of a war is to be judged by the peace treaty which ends it, and if this was a war to save civilisation, the Treaty of Versailles does not look like it. America, they remember, asked for no colonies, not even under the name of mandates given by the League of Nations. America took no reparations, or indemnity, from Germany. Then these Americans do not believe they contributed merely dollars to the victory. They believe that the presence of American forces at the front, and the certainty that the front could be held indefinitely with American help, was one of the main causes of the German collapse. America's military effort cost very dearly. She went into the War with a small national debt, and came out with one twenty times as great, or five thousand million pounds. That was the money spent by America herself. In addition she helped the Allies with loans of two thousand million pounds. Only about one-fourth of this money was spent for munitions. The rest went for food, tobacco, cotton, and so on. If there had been no war some of these things would have been bought anyway. So a good deal of the actual War debt was commercial. Then these Americans will tell you that of the so-called War debts of Europe, six shillings of every pound was borrowed after the War ended, and really had nothing to do with the fighting side of winning the War. And finally they will say that they have already reduced the amount owed to them by European nations by eight shillings in the pound. They did not lop off at this rate from the debt of every country. Of the British debt they only lopped off three shillings and sevenpence in the pound. But America felt Britain could pay better than any other European country at that time, and so offered her a smaller reduction.

One more point before we go on to the present position. In the way some people seem to think of it, there is no such thing as cancelling a debt. It has to be paid by somebody. What Europeans really ask, when they want debts cancelled by America, is to have the American taxpayer pay it in place of the European taxpayer. The American taxpayer has already shouldered taxes on eight shillings of the pound borrowed by the Allies. He thinks this was quite generous in the circumstances. When times were good with him he saw no reason for being more generous. If that was true a few years ago, what do you suppose he thinks now of relieving European taxpayers, while his own Budget shows a huge deficit? There are ten million unemployed in America who are not getting generous relief from the State or anybody else. So most Americans ask this question: 'Why should the American Government be more generous to foreigners than it is to its own people?'

But the real question is whether it is a sound business proposition for the debts to be paid. On this, the British view has always been consistent. You have always said it was not sound business. And as you were owed as much money as you owed to America, you cannot be accused of special pleading. But it has taken a long time for the American to see what you meant. The first thing the ordinary American will have to learn is that there is no such thing as international money. Mr. Jones, the shoemaker, owes Mr. Smith, the dairyman, ten pounds. Mr. Jones is hard up. He says to Mr. Smith: 'Let me make several pairs of shoes for your family'. Mr. Smith says his family doesn't need any shoes. Mr. Jones then says, well, his daughter is a

handy leather-worker; how about a nice handsome purse for Mrs. Smith? Mr. Smith answers that he doesn't want a purse for Mrs. Smith. So Mr. Jones has to hunt till he finds somebody who does want boots or purses, and so get some money to pay Mr. Smith. Now suppose there were no such thing as money at all. Then Mr. Jones would have to find out what Mr. Smith did want. Perhaps Mr. Smith would take some groceries. Then Mr. Jones would have to make some shoes and purses for the grocer's family.

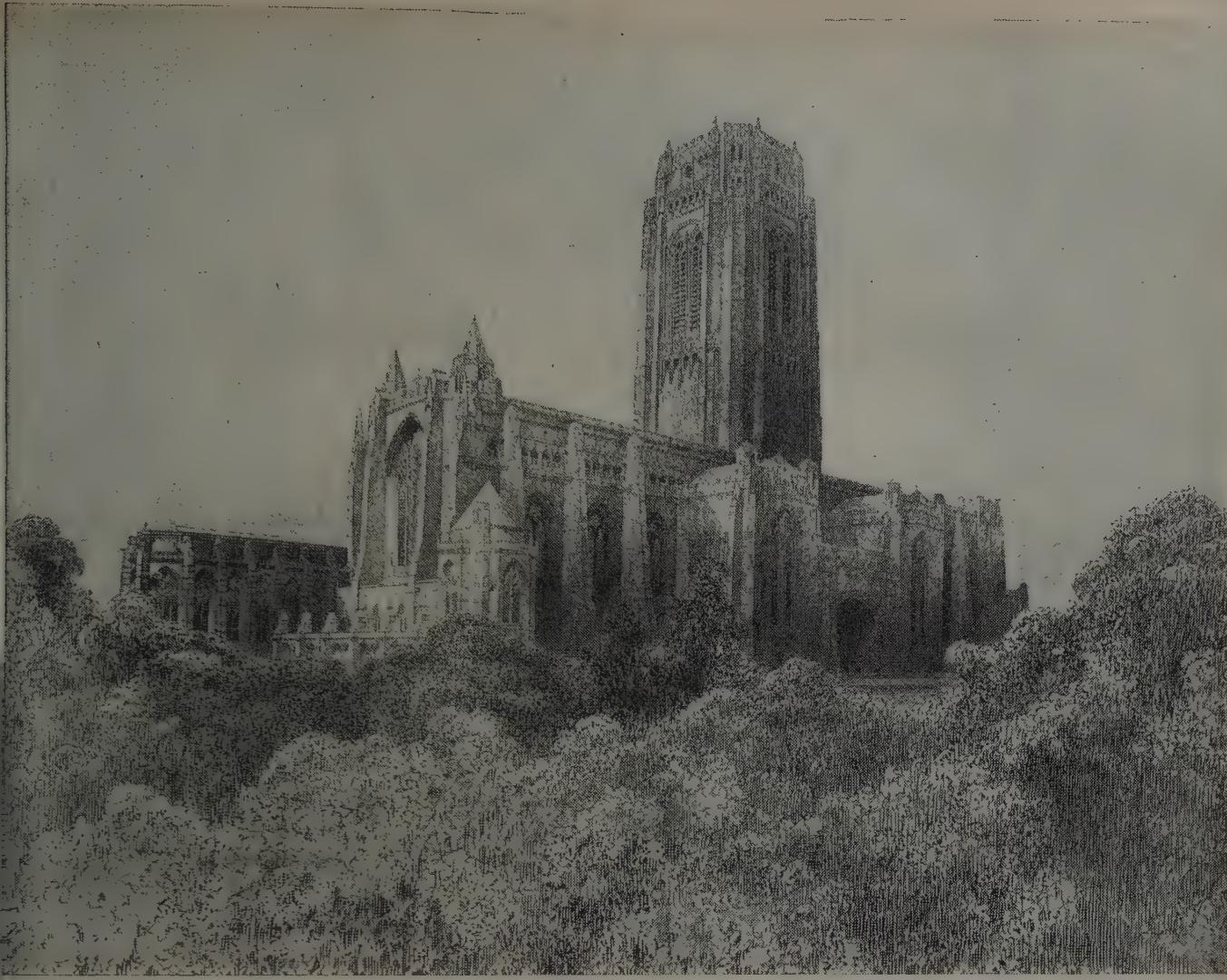
Nations are like Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, only they live in a world without international money, that is to say, a common measure of value. So even if Mr. Jones had the money it would not be any good to Mr. Smith unless Mr. Jones could change it into Mr. Smith's kind of money. America has dollars, Britain has pounds. A dollar as such will buy no goods in London, a pound will buy no goods in New York. Otherwise the British could ship thirty million pound notes to America on December 15. But what could America do with all those pound notes? Until a year last autumn, she could have shipped them back to the Bank of England and exchanged them for gold. But now you have gone off the gold standard; you no longer exchange gold for your own notes. These English pounds are only worth what they will buy in England.

If America wanted to use thirty million pound notes she would have to go shopping in England. In other words, Mr. Britain, the bootmaker, would be offering Mr. America, the farmer, boots and purses. But the trouble is that Mr. America will not have boots or purses or even groceries. He does not want most of the things Mr. Britain can make or get in exchange for his boots and purses. He has built a high tariff wall to keep such things out and he wants to make them all himself. America has ten million unemployed, and these could be making almost everything America could buy while shopping in Britain. So if America brought home these goods from London, she thinks she would have still more unemployed.

Still, America wants to be paid. And there are two other ways of doing it. She will not accept goods; but she will accept gold or dollars. She will take gold, because that can be turned into money and be spent in America. But Great Britain does not hold enough gold to pay America more than a few instalments. So that is not a permanent solution. That leaves it open for Britain to pay in dollars. Britain can buy dollars by selling pounds. But that is no permanent solution either. The reason is this: because of the world depression, people are too poor to buy as they normally do from Britain. And Britain herself is still buying more than she is selling. To pay for her imports she has to buy foreign currency and sell pounds. Because the British are buying more foreign currency than foreigners are buying pounds, she is already selling pounds all the time and the value of the pound keeps slowly sinking. If you try to pay America regularly by buying dollars, under present conditions, the pound will go right on falling. Then two things will happen, one of them very serious and one of them quite good from the British standpoint. If the pound goes down, that means it takes more pounds to pay for your food and raw materials from abroad. Your ten shilling note will buy less bread, meat, and clothing. So you will be poorer, and you will buy less. You will reduce your standard of life. That is the very serious side. The good side is this: the price of British goods would become cheaper to the foreigner, and he would be able to buy them again. The more he bought, the more of your unemployed would find work.

But both of these effects of a falling pound would be serious for America. For if you bought less from abroad, prices would go down. The American farmer would find himself still worse off than he now is. And then when you began selling more exports, this would mean that America would be selling fewer exports, for other countries would be buying more from you and this would increase unemployment in America. This is the simple fact which ordinary Americans have got to learn. They have got to try to understand the point of view that it is not just simply 'bunk' to say that it will be still worse for them if they collect these debts than if they reduce them or make it possible for you to pay them in goods, instead of in gold or dollars. They must see that it is not a question of right and wrong but is founded on sound business reasons.

One word more. You may have noticed in Mr. Hoover's reply that he mentioned something about disarmament. The Americans believe that Europe can pay her debts because if she cut down armaments that would save the taxpayers' money. But it would not get over this problem of making the actual payment. But disarmament would help in getting the debts reduced, for if Europe cut down her armaments America could do the same and the American taxpayer would be saved the money he now counts on getting from the Allies.



As Liverpool Anglican Cathedral will look when complete (Architect: Sir Giles Gilbert Scott)

Photograph: Stewart Bale, Liverpool

Three New English Cathedrals

By M. I. BATTEN

ELIGIOUS building on a large scale took place in London after the Great Fire when Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral and fifty-three City churches, but after the building of St. Paul's no cathedral was built in England for two hundred years. Then, in 1877, a see was created in Truro and two years later the foundation stone of the cathedral was laid. The Gothic Revival was at its height and the architect, J. C. Pearson, was thoroughly under its sway, the result being a late Gothic cathedral classed as to size with Rochester and Wells. As a contribution to architecture, as living and progressive art, Truro Cathedral can have no claim. The Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral followed in 1895, a building unquestionably fine in many ways. Bentley

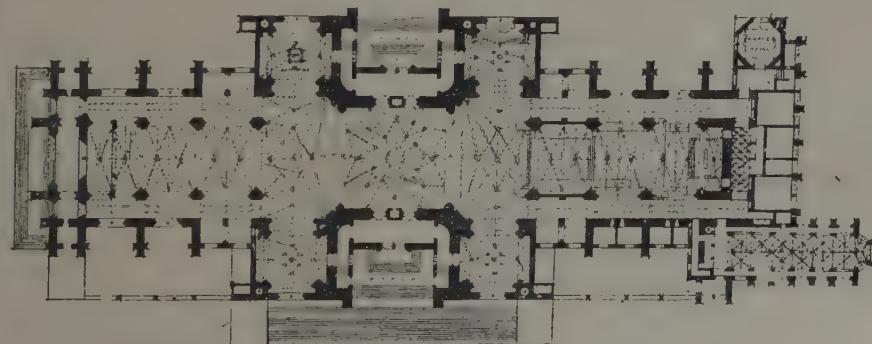
had returned from Italy to design this cathedral steeped in Byzantine art and it was inevitable that his conception should be Byzantine. His huge spaces of void and solid in the interior are magnificent and satisfactory in their proportions, and the vaults lie principally in the details of the exterior. The architect died in 1902, eight years before the building was finished. The interior has still to be lined with marble and it is questionable whether when this is completed many of us will not regret those sombre and lofty arches. Another Roman Catholic

cathedral was built in the opening years of this century at Leeds in a free fifteenth-century Gothic manner, nominally by Eastwood, though most of the work was carried out by Greenslade, who was working in his office.

These three cathedrals bring us from St. Paul's to the present day when we have before us the vast and exciting programme of an Anglican Cathedral at Liverpool by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Liverpool by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and an Anglican Cathedral at Guildford by Mr. Edward Maufe, making together the greatest scheme of its kind to be undertaken in this country for many centuries. Of these cathedrals the two at Liverpool must excite our interest more than the one at Guildford, for they are very much larger and the two of them placed

close together on the same ridge of high ground must be dramatic. No other city in the world will have two such colossal cathedrals, near to and contemporary with each other and yet deriving their existence from different schools of architecture.

The Anglican Cathedral we are already acquainted with, for part of it is built and in use. Sir Gilbert Scott comes of a family of architects all disciples of the Gothic school, and his ancestry and his training have naturally decreed that he should respect and admire the Gothic tradition. Born in 1880, he was still in his



Ground Plan of Liverpool Anglican Cathedral

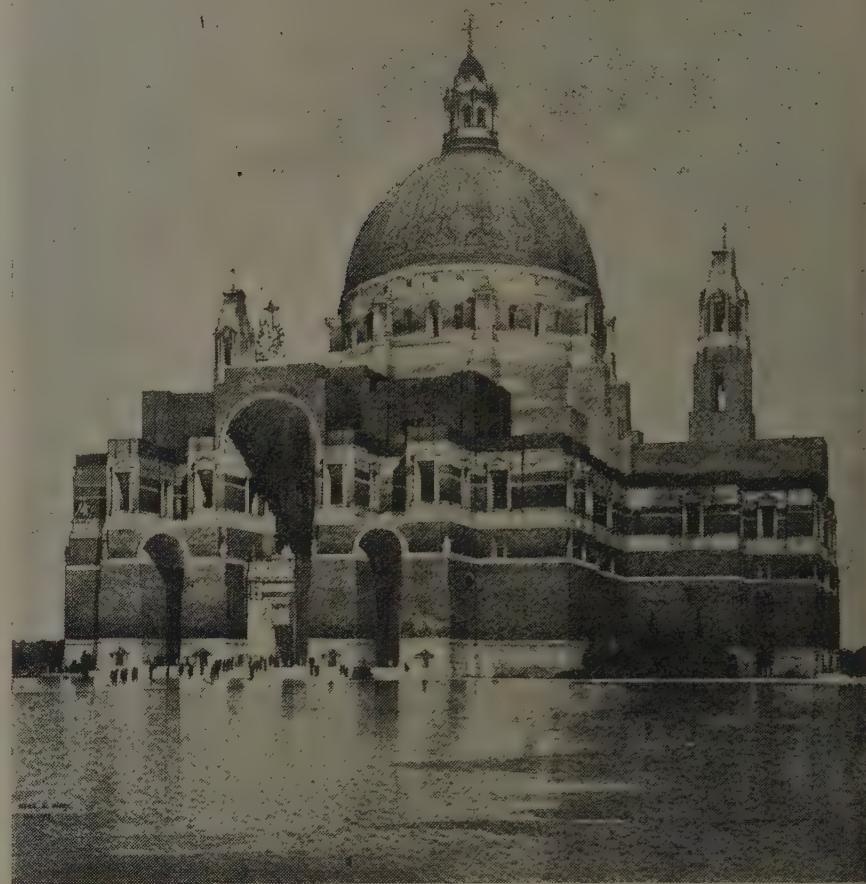
'teens when he won the competition for Liverpool Cathedral. The business men of Liverpool were somewhat alarmed at the youth and inexperience of the successful competitor and an older architect was appointed to work with Scott, but—we must think fortunately for the success of Scott's cathedral—this architect died within a few years. Instead of reverting to his original design Scott then set to work on a new and better design, having probably learnt a great deal from the requirements of the site upon which he had to build.

St. James' Mount offers a very fine site and the cathedral will be visible for thirty miles along the Mersey, westward to the Dee and southward to Chester. Although Gothic in conception, Sir Gilbert Scott's cathedral is far from being a Gothic Revival building like Truro Cathedral. The movement of his structure is always upwards as in Gothic architecture, yet he has broken free from many of the traditions and limitations of that style, as, for instance, in the triple division of the arcade, triforium, and clerestory which brings longitudinal lines across what was always an upward feeling of construction.

The main entrances are beneath the central tower in between the double transepts, and they lead into the great central space, 72-ft. by 200-ft., which is the dominating factor in the interior of the cathedral. From this space the caverns of the nave and choir will seem to recede. The central tower will dominate the exterior just as it does the interior, and until it is built it is impossible to pass any final judgment. It is a cathedral which must be seen as a whole, for everything seems to lead up to this tower and the great space beneath it, instead of, as in most other cathedrals, leading from the west to the east end. The only part which may be fairly judged at present is the Lady Chapel, and this seems rather overpowered by the lofty spaciousness of the cathedral itself, and to crouch at the end in a slightly self-conscious manner.

It would appear almost as if the architect was so full of his design for the cathedral with its towering piers and lofty arches that he was not quite sure what to do with the intimacies of the Lady Chapel. Although the architect has cast aside much of the Gothic tradition, yet some of the pinnacles on the exterior still give a feeling of restlessness and superfluity, though it is possible that when the tower is built they will fall into place with the design as a whole.

When it comes to considering the dimensions, the magnitude



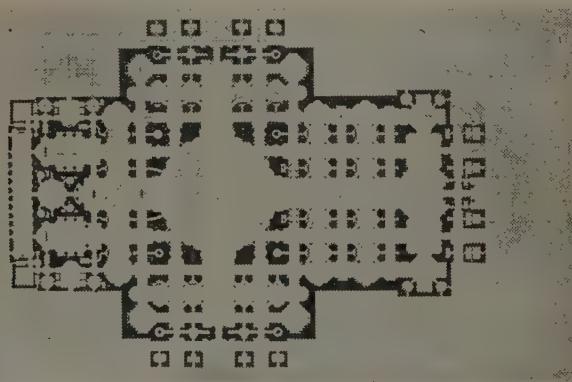
Design for the Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral (Architect: Sir Edwin Lutyens)

	St. Paul's	St. Peter's	Roman Catholic, Liverpool
	ft.	ft.	ft.
Total length ..	460	700	676
Width of nave ..	40	84	46
Height of nave ..	90	150	160
Diameter of dome ..	112	137	168
Height of inner dome ..	217	335	290
Height of cross on dome ..	335	450	510
Total area (approx.) ..	64,000	227,000	233,000
	sq. ft.	sq. ft.	sq. ft.

From these figures the Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral would appear to be the largest in the world, but, strictly speaking, St. Peter's, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, remains the largest basilica. Nearly all the cathedrals in England were Roman Catholic originally, but Westminster Cathedral, in the South of England, is the only large one. So the plan to build a big one in the North, at Liverpool, where there are many Roman Catholics, is both practical and natural. It is curious that the architect of the Protestant Cathedral in Liverpool, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, should be a Roman Catholic while Sir Edwin Lutyens, chosen to design the Roman Catholic, should be a Protestant. But Sir Edwin has been the dominating figure in English architecture for many years and the designs which he has now produced have more than justified the choice of architect. Sir Gilbert Scott inevitably designed a cathedral in the Gothic manner, and it was just as inevitable that Sir Edwin Lutyens should design in the classic manner. The colossal size of the building was determined by the requirements, for among other things the building had to contain forty-six altars while space and clear vistas had to be allowed for processions.

The conception as a whole is unprecedented, and Sir Edwin Lutyens has shown something approaching genius in his design, combining, as it does, a wealth of imagination and sound common sense and knowledge of construction. At present the largest dome in the world is that of Gol Gunbaz at Bijapur, which has a diameter of 150 ft., 13 ft. greater than St. Peter's. The Liverpool dome with a diameter of 168 ft. is to be constructed on the same principle as that of St. Paul's, with an inner dome surmounted by a cone which supports the lantern and is covered by the outer dome. But Sir Edwin, with the lesson of Wren's dome before him, has pierced in both directions the four main piers which carry it, thus adding to their strength and at the same time obtaining clear vistas both from the nave and chancel and from the transepts.

The plan is in the form of a Latin cross with very wide arms,



Ground Plan of Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral
Photograph, 'Country Life'

of the plan for building two cathedrals within three-quarters of a mile of each other can be fully appreciated, for both of them are giants among cathedrals. Scott's cathedral when finished will be inferior in size only to its neighbour the Roman Catholic cathedral, St. Peter's, Rome, and Seville Cathedral, and it is of interest to compare the measurements.

Liverpool Anglican Cathedral

Total length, including Lady Chapel ..	625
Width of nave ..	50
Height of nave and choir ..	117
Height of tower vault ..	172
Height of tower ..	305
Total area (approximately) ..	100,000 sq. ft.



Design for the new Guildford Cathedral (Architect: Mr. Edward Maufe)

and within this plan everything has been included. At the west end the main entrance gives access to the narthex, which extends almost the whole width of the building, and which will be open night and day. The big piers of the nave and transepts contain the subsidiary chapels and confessionals. The High Altar is approached by sweeping flights of steps and will be visible to ten thousand people, one of the conditions of the commission. One of the remarkable features in the plan is the placing of the choir and part of the organ in a round shaft sunk behind the altar. Sir Edwin has already tried this method in a church, and it has been proved perfectly satisfactory acoustically. The crypt will contain two churches, each with three altars, and on one of these churches the work of construction will probably begin. Another notable feature is the provision of running water to the fountains proceeding from a large vessel in which it will be consecrated in the regular manner.

The floor will be of cast iron, while the walls and pillars will be lined with marble. The exterior is to be of brick with plinths, entablatures and belfries of stone. The material for the dome has not yet been finally decided upon, but it will probably be granite.

A good deal of re-
vision and alteration

will, no doubt, take place before the building is completed, for difficulties and new ideas are certain to present themselves before so vast a scheme is carried out.

Guildford Cathedral is on a very different scale from either of those at Liverpool and Mr. Edward Maufe has designed a pleasant essentially English building of Gothic extraction, entirely suited to an old county town such as Guildford. It has a quiet, unostentatious dignity which will fit in well with the surrounding country. Many years ago now the diocese of Winchester was split up and a Bishop of Guildford installed and the need for a cathedral is great. The site chosen, Stag Hill, is a small grassy hill west of Guildford, close to the Hog's Back from where a fine view of it should be obtained. Full advantage has been taken of the site, the cathedral being placed along the ridge with the central tower rising from the

highest point. The main approach for vehicular traffic leads round to the west end, while the shortest route from Guildford for foot passengers gives access to the south transept. The new by-pass road round Guildford encloses the cathedral and a lime avenue is planned to lead straight from this road to the west end.

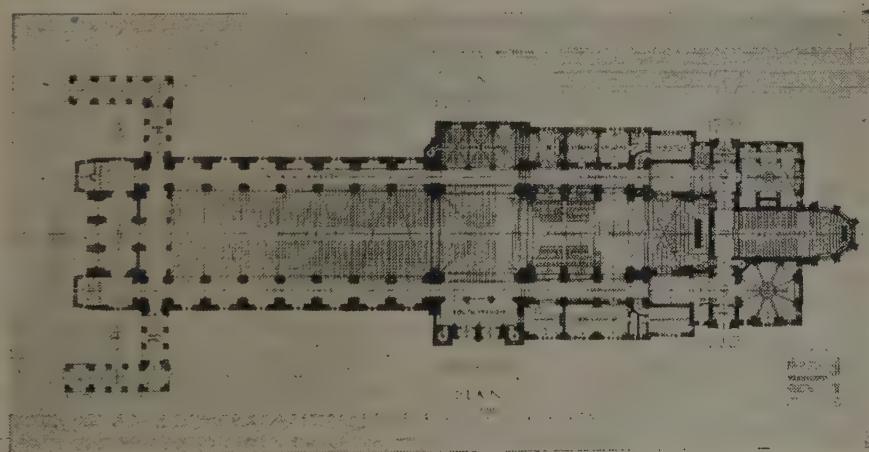
The design is in the shape of a Latin cross with short arms. A passage aisle type of plan has been used, with an unobstructed ambulatory, as the most suitable for modern requirements. Direct vistas are obtained from the west end, up the nave to the high altar, up the north aisle to the sacristy and up the south aisle to the chapter house. There are three chapels, the Lady Chapel in the traditional position east of the high altar;

the 'Queen's' Chapel in the north transept which is suggested as a war memorial for the 'Queens' (Royal West Surrey) Regiment; and a Children's Chapel in the south transept. The cathedral will be built of brick, the local material, with the plinth, windows and coping of stone. The architect has introduced a modern note in designing the vaulting and roof construction in reinforced concrete, the roof to be covered with copper.

Mr. Maufe has relied on mass and

simple lines and not on elaborate ornamentation, and the interior as well as the exterior should give a feeling of quiet, seemly dignity. The interior will be treated with a roughened plaster cool in colour, a heightened contrast being provided by such points of emphasis as the high altar, which will display a greater richness of colour and decoration, while the Lady Chapel will have a coloured roof and tall wall paintings. The placing of the organ, which is always a difficulty, Mr. Maufe has skilfully surmounted by dividing it into two halves and placing them in the short transepts.

Some comparison may be made by the fact that the total cost of Guildford Cathedral will be less than £200,000, while the Roman Catholic cathedral at Liverpool will cost £3,000,000. £300,000 has already been raised for the latter and the foundation stone is to be laid next June. It is hoped to raise £50,000 for Guildford so that it may be started in the summer of next year.



Ground plan of Guildford Cathedral

How the Mind Works—X

The Power of the Unconscious

By the President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association

LAST week I hinted to you that the unconscious mind, the special region of the mind studied by psycho-analysis, is far from being a mere dumping-place of forgotten and useless ideas. It is the exact opposite of this. It is the prime motor of our life, the source of most of our mental energy. The power it has to influence our conscious minds is exercised in two ways. Its energy is either turned into conscious energy, when it works with us, or it stays separate and interferes with us whenever it can. Let us consider the first case. The impulses of the unconscious, all sorts of primitive cravings and strivings, are commonly transformed into conscious strivings and interests. But they are transformed only under certain conditions, only when they can be altered and refined enough to satisfy a strict censorship that is always acting automatically without our knowing it. They have to be able to bear examination. An impulse towards cruelty or criminality, for instance, can be allowed to furnish a conscious interest only on condition that the person does not realise that any part of him has any such impulses. Then he can read detective stories or murder trials to his heart's content; or, if he is more serious about it, he can become a criminal lawyer or judge, or a butcher or a surgeon, or follow any other career where an interest in hurting or killing plays an essential part. All goes well so long as the necessary conditions are fulfilled and the transformation of the primitive is complete.

I have introduced you here to two different ideas, both of which are very hard to grasp properly. It is extraordinarily strange to imagine that what we confidently know as our mind, that is conscious mind, the thing we know best in the whole world—our dear selves—that this is only a portion of our whole mind; that we are allowed to know only a part of ourselves that has been carefully and strictly selected for the purpose. In countries where the government has complete control of the Press the public must have an extremely partial view of what is going on both inside the country itself and in the rest of the world. Not only so, for even the part it is allowed to know has been carefully edited in line with certain tendencies, so the information open to the public is first selected and then distorted; but no censorship any autocratic government has ever exercised can compare in severity with that which every individual exercises within himself. And all this takes place without his having any idea that any censoring is going on at all, or that his thoughts come from anywhere else than the self he knows so well, his conscious mind. He never stops to ask such questions as why he likes or dislikes this or that. He may invent some reason for it, a process known as rationalising, but what he mostly means is simply: 'Of course I hate this or that—that's what I'm like'. And yet what I am telling you is that really he never knows why, and that he has no inkling of the complicated thoughts going on in the depth of his mind which decide whether he is to like or dislike this or that.

The Source of Inspiration and Disharmony

From time to time some of us do have vague notions that there is more inside us than we know, that we do not really understand ourselves. Every man in love would be hard put to it to explain how his loved one differs so totally and completely from every other girl in the world, as he feels sure she does. Then, again, if we turn from everyday to the rare experiences of mankind, we find the same thought. Most great poets have felt that their finest work was not deliberately manufactured, but came to them on the wings of some impelling force emanating from them knew not where, from some unknown depths within. The Greeks even thought that poets were acted on by some spirit who entered into them, just as in the Middle Ages hysterical women were believed to be possessed of devils who could be driven out. And no great religious prophet would consider that his conscious mind was the originator of his fervent message: he is but the vehicle for the inspirations which he ascribes to divine agency.

These are only a few examples which remind us, if we pause to think, that in many situations of life we feel there must be something influencing us besides what we can consciously account for. The same is true of the other great conclusion of psycho-analysis, namely, of the vast importance that internal mental conflict has for our lives. Moral and religious teachers recognise this as the strife between the good and the evil tendencies within us, and they often paint the whole of man's life as one long struggle to attain a state of clear conscience. Indeed, the essential purpose of religion would seem to be to deal with this conflict so that the better side of man's nature may conquer the evil side. Psycho-analysis more than confirms this view of life: it holds that the sources of these disharmonies lie far deeper at the unconscious roots of the personality than had ever been guessed. This means that deep down we feel far more guilty about ourselves than we are aware.

The Unconscious 'Conscience'

Let me give you an illustration of this. We often nowadays hear the expression 'inferiority complex'. What is really meant by it? It is a wide term, but the word 'inferiority' is descriptive enough of the state of mind. There is the person who suffers from self-consciousness, is preoccupied with the impression he is making on others, is touchy about fancied slights, or sensitive about the amount of recognition he obtains as he passes through life. Sometimes he is unduly concerned by any doubt about his intelligence; he is hurt or furious at being laughed at when he cannot see a joke promptly or if his opinions are criticised. With other people the feeling relates to personal appearance. Many people endure untold misery from the thought of some imperfect or defective feature: their legs are too short, their nose too long, their chin not prominent enough, and so on. I need not mention any more of the endless inferiority feelings, but I will tell you one interesting thing about all of them. Whatever the form they may assume, whether physical, social, intellectual, they one and all arise from a deep sense of moral inferiority. That, I am sure, will sound astonishing, since these feelings so often afflict people who are very worthy and to whom no one would think of directing reproaches on any moral grounds; yet some part of them is dissatisfied with its owner, and condemns him as morally unworthy. And I will tell you something still odder. This over-moral part of the unconscious—it is a sort of conscience, though it is better to use another name for it, such as 'super-ego', to avoid confounding it with what we ordinarily mean by conscience—has standards which are widely different from our conscious standards of morality. It will at times not merely permit, but even incite to, criminal acts which the conscious personality knows to be socially wrong, just as the Burmese Thugs and other sects used to murder and torture in the name of religion. This, by the way, is another of the topsy-turvy conclusions of psycho-analysis; that a good deal of ordinary criminality comes about as the result of unconscious moral conflicts. If this is confirmed, it will revolutionise our outlook on the prevention of crime. On the other hand, the over-moral unconscious will often forbid actions that are not only socially permissible, but even desirable. It is quite common for it to interfere even with such simple physical acts as seeing, eating or walking, and still commoner for it to interfere with the fundamental activities of doing work and making love. Familiar instances are the difficulties one has with most children in getting them to eat various articles of food to which they have taken an inexplicable dislike, or even sometimes to eat at all.

If all this is true, it is really an extraordinary state of affairs. Our bodies, if left to themselves and not attacked by accident or disease, seem to work smoothly enough. And the lives of the lower animals appear to be fairly harmonious; they always seem to know exactly what they want, and to be able to bend their energies to getting it whenever possible. Only the mind of man is torn by indecisions, doubts and inner dissatisfactions. And now we are told that all he is aware of in this regard is but a tithe of the deeper disharmonies in his nature, and that even the positive expressions of his personality—his interests and daily activities—are in large part merely ways of covering up his deeper conflicts, or are the necessary conditions under which he has to live in order to prevent these unconscious conflicts from disturbing whatever peace of mind he may have acquired. Why ever should this be? How came the human mind to be built in this curiously unsatisfactory fashion? These are not only fascinating problems in themselves, but they concern matters of the highest practical importance. What thinking man can be gratified at this picture of the human race, especially at the present moment in the world's history when our self-complacency is being distinctly ruffled?

Thwarted by our Inner Selves

I said above that many unconscious impulses are first modified and then turned into conscious activities. And I also said that many of them fail to be so transformed, but continue a life of their own in conflict with the rest of the self. This is the repressed unconscious one hears so much about, which is said to work so much mischief. These impulses, being shut off from direct expression, can only act in an underground manner, just as a suppressed political minority makes itself a nuisance by being always 'agin the Government'. The effects may be trivial or they may be serious. A man decides to post a letter; his unconscious, however, may harbour objections to sending the letter and often enough it gets its way; the man forgets to post the letter or even mislays it. A burglar or murderer intends to escape without leaving a trace, but his guilty conscience mostly defeats him by seeing to it that he leaves what detectives call a

siting-card in the shape of some memento that affords a definite clue. The effect here is fatal: it may cost him his life. probably four-fifths of the terrible death roll on our roads comes about in the same way, by the driver's unconscious interfering with his doing the right thing in an emergency. These self-dwelling and self-punishing tendencies play an enormous part in life. Many people have the regular habit of doing the wrong thing and acting against their interests on vital occasions, and there are very few who never stultify themselves and always succeed in using the best in them.

One of the main findings of psycho-analysis is that unconscious conflicts all arise in the first few years of life. It is in this field of early mental development that psycho-analysis has

achieved its most amazing discoveries, and yet many of them are so directly in line with our ideas of biological evolution that they should not have been unexpected. For instance, there is good reason to believe that the young infant is endowed with crude tendencies that are probably inherited from a dark past long ante-dating the dawn of civilisation. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the first four years of life the infant has to condense a hundred thousand years of mental evolution in its endeavour to adapt itself to civilised standards. From every point of view, ethical, aesthetic, even sanitary, the infant's primitive nature is in glaring contrast to these standards, hence it is little wonder that it counters difficulties in its endeavour to bring its nature into relation with life around it. It can be no reason why it could not bite or destroy anything it can grab, dead or alive; it has not the slightest respect for other people's belongings or their feelings. Dimly received impulses and faculties flit through its mind, and some of these would be called terrible if a grown-up were to experience them, as Jack the Ripper did.

But we have long ago tried and forgotten these tendencies in ourselves—they are now unconscious and so we do not appreciate at their real significance the signs little children sometimes give of them. We discount these signs in every way we can, and in fact generally regard them as either amusing or merely annoying. To the infant, however, they are the very reverse of amusing. When a grown-up simply laughs at an outburst of savage or even murderous rage on the part of a child, the impotent resentment the child feels must be very near to tragic despair. Because of our own repressions we seem to need a magnifying glass to apply to the child's emotions before we can truly appreciate what they mean to it. When a little boy meets his newly-born brother with the angry cry, 'Go away or kill you', we may be a little shocked, but we never think that it is exactly what we felt towards the Zeppelins that visited London in the War.

Then there is the vexed question of the sexual life of children. These instincts in children differ greatly from what we grown-ups recognise as sexuality, and yet in some ways they bear striking resemblances to it. It is a world of queer sensations, of hidden and concealed fancies, of odd thrills from surreptitious movements, of secret interest in what to the infant must be very mysterious bodily happenings, of dark and obscure pulsations. And all these exciting agitations get closely bound up with the child's relations to its parents. More than that, they are interwoven with the aggressions and angry hatreds which I referred to above. For both these reasons they lead to all sorts of fears and terrors, which few children are free of, and which may long give rise to a deep sense of guiltiness. We see,

therefore, where the roots of internal conflict grow and how hard it is for the child to achieve a harmonious attitude in all this perplexity.

You might say in comment on all this that surely I have been exaggerating the importance of these childish conflicts and difficulties. If a half of what I have been saying were true, then who would have any chance of growing up into a confident, happy and efficient member of society? My answer would be to repeat the question, 'How many do?' If one examines the private thoughts of any individual, as one does in psycho-analysis, it is very rare to find the confident happiness that is supposed to be common and normal. As a rule what one finds is a varying measure of self-dissatisfaction, of anxious efforts

to preserve confidence in awkward situations, of a very precarious hold on any inner sense of happiness—though I freely admit that all this is commonly covered over and concealed by all sorts of masks. I would ask, for example, what proportion of marriages are successful in the true sense, not in the sense of preserving a veneer to the outer world, but in the sense of affording a consistent mutual understanding and felicity. What usually happens in life is that people get on pretty well, as judged by a lowly standard, so long as certain conditions are fulfilled, everyone having his own peculiar conditions in this respect. When these conditions are broken, the feeling of secure confidence gives way, often badly so. How many people can face the idea of losing their means of livelihood, still less of losing their loved ones? It is the jars of life that test one's normality. How common are moods of doubt whether the struggle of life is worth while! And the people who deep in their hearts have an abiding dread of life are not so rare as you cheery ones might suppose. You will further notice that in all this I am quite leaving out of account the extraordianarily widespread existence of one form or another of nervous trouble: the worries, irritabilities, insomnias and fears, the victims of drink and drug habits—not to speak of the awful words 'insanity' and 'suicide'. Yes, the power of the unconscious is real enough and great enough.

Let us get away from these gloomy topics and end on a more positive note. I should like to leave you with three definite ideas. Above all is the revolutionary notion that we know only a small part of our own minds, that every minute we are being moved by forces stirring in the depths of our being of which we know absolutely nothing. Secondly, I would remind you of the idea that this vast region of the unconscious is in a state of perpetual conflict, the primary driving forces seeking to obtain some form of expression through the self, and the latter either opposing them or else imposing all sorts of conditions on them. The two words 'unconscious conflict' summarise most of what psycho-analysis has to teach. Normally the energy of the unconscious, after being transformed—you may have heard the word 'sublimation' in this connection—flows with relative freedom into the conscious mind and there directs our interests and activities; it is the great feeding-source of our personality, although we are not aware of its very existence. Abnormally—and by this I mean usually—what happens is that some of the unconscious energy fails to find this satisfactory outlet and is thus forced into indirect channels where it agitates the personality. This latter state of affairs is the main cause of the innumerable imperfections and unsatisfactorinesses of human existence, both in the discontents of the individual and in the infirmities of our national and international life.



Marc Chagall's painting 'Le Poète' shows how a modern artist has tried to penetrate below the surface consciousness of a poet's mind to show the springs of inspiration in the unconscious

Notes on Art

The Painter-Critic

SEVERAL articles on French Art appeared in these pages at the time of the Exhibition at Burlington House; it will therefore be more appropriate to make the publication of Mr. Roger Fry's lectures on the subject (*Characteristics of French Art*; Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.) an occasion for considering Mr. Roger Fry rather than for considering French art. Not that the book is not full of fresh interest, and the most valuable contribution to the subject which the exhibition has given rise to—Mr. Roger Fry being what he is, his book could not well be otherwise. But what is Mr. Roger Fry?

It is, perhaps, difficult to avoid an air of insufferable patronage in writing of a fellow-critic for whom one's great admiration is only brought to a sharper definition by the aid of a slight disagreement in fundamentals. Mr. Fry is a great critic—his prose style alone is sufficient guarantee of that. In no branch of the arts is criticism of such a fineness and such a clarity being written today. Directing himself always to objective facts, to the tangible and visible and attestable elements of a work of art, Mr. Fry so describes these, so reveals their presence and function, that the painting is rediscovered in his words. The process is always one of analysis, not of description or emotional evocation. Take, for example, this reference to Courbet:

As one might expect, it was the irresistible momentum, the crushing weight of moving masses of water that he felt, rather than its elusiveness and fluidity. Though his rapid and accurate eye was able to seize the most momentary effects, his emphasis on the resistance of the water gives a peculiar effect of menacing solidity to his waves. Again, his feeling for interval and tonal harmony enables him to build a satisfactory composition out of the informal vastness of a breaking sea. Or when, as in his 'Etrebat', the material lends itself to a more positive construction, the same qualities are seen at their highest. It is a superbly solid pictorial design with the happiest relations of volume and space. His plastic imagination realises completely the recession of the horizontal plane of shore and sea, the abrupt opposition and resistance of the great rock wall and the embracing arch of sky. When his realistic vision was thus concentrated on the less obvious and more universal elements of appearance, he proves how real his imaginative grasp was, that he was intensely an artist.

It is perfect in its realisation of essentials. The qualities of things (of waves, for example) are directly equated with the qualities of painting. Mr. Fry has not only seen the picture—he has seen the artist painting it. Mr. Fry is a painter himself and he brings all his knowledge of the craft not only to the elucidation of technical qualities, but, what is much more unusual, to the definition of the painter's point of view, his angle of vision. He sees the painter's reactions not as vague emotional factors, but as definite manipulations of paint.

But these very virtues tend to bring in their train a certain limitation. The psychology of art divides very sharply into two compartments, which we might call the psychology of artistic creation and the psychology of artistic reception. The factors which go to the making of a picture may be of little relevance to the factors which go to its appreciation, and for the painter-critic to insist that his factors are the only material ones is to forget that he who pipes his own sweet tune may risk losing his pay. The values of the spectator objectively regarding the work of art are quite different from those of the artist subjectively conceiving it.

This is not an attempt to defend the sentimental or intellectual approach which the prejudiced spectator too often makes towards a work of art. All art works through the senses, and to forget this fact is to forget the quality which distinguishes art from logic or any other intellectual activity. In this direction I would even go further than Mr. Fry, who is apt to reduce the essential values of art to an apprehension of formal values, which apprehension may be mental or intellectual rather than sensational. For example, he writes of Chardin: 'His pictures are among the most striking proofs that arrangements of form

have a direct and profound effect on the mind quite apart from what the forms may represent'. That I am not unfairly stressing the words 'on the mind' may be shown by reference to an essay of Mr. Fry's in which he has dealt much more directly with this question, *The Artist and Psycho-analysis* (Hogarth Press, 1924). There Mr. Fry makes mincemeat of those innocent psychologists who judge a work of art by the symbolic value of its concrete imagery, and he points out quite truly that in proportion as an artist is pure, he is opposed to all symbolism. But, having dismissed symbolism, Mr. Fry is in some difficulty in explaining what he means by formal values in a work of art:

One thing I think we may clearly say, namely, that there is a pleasure in the recognition of order, of inevitability in relations, and that the more complex the relations of which we are able to recognise the inevitable interdependence and correspondence, the greater is the pleasure. . . . But in art there is, I think, an effective quality which lies outside that. It is not a mere recognition of order and inter-relation; every part, as well as the whole, becomes suffused with an emotional tone. Now, from our definition of this pure beauty, the emotional tone is not due to any recognisable reminiscence or suggestion of the emotional experiences of life; but I sometimes wonder if it nevertheless does not get its force from arousing some very deep, very vague, and immensely generalised reminiscences. It looks as though art had got access to the substratum of all the emotional colours of life, to something which underlies all the particular and specialised emotions of actual life. It seems to derive an emotional energy from the very conditions of our existence by its revelation of an emotional significance in time and space. Or it may be that art really calls up, as it were, the residual traces left on the spirit by the different emotions of life, without however recalling the actual experiences so that we get an echo of the emotion without the limitation and particular direction which it had in experience.

But that surely is to substitute one notion of symbolism for another. Symbolism can be either concrete or abstract, according as it uses recognisable imagery given by ordinary visual experience, or imagery which is abstract and conventional, recognisable only intuitively. In either case it remains symbolic, and Mr. Fry's arguments against symbolism apply equally to the kind that can be attached to the values of actual life as to those which can only be attached to immensely generalised reminiscences. Actually I believe all such elements of content (for 'formal relations' are every bit as much 'content' as the 'informal relations' of any symbolic or anecdotal picture) should be dismissed as the 'what' of a picture, and our search for æsthetic essentials concentrated on the 'how', which will then be seen to reduce to what we may call the artist's handwriting. The camera can give us the exact

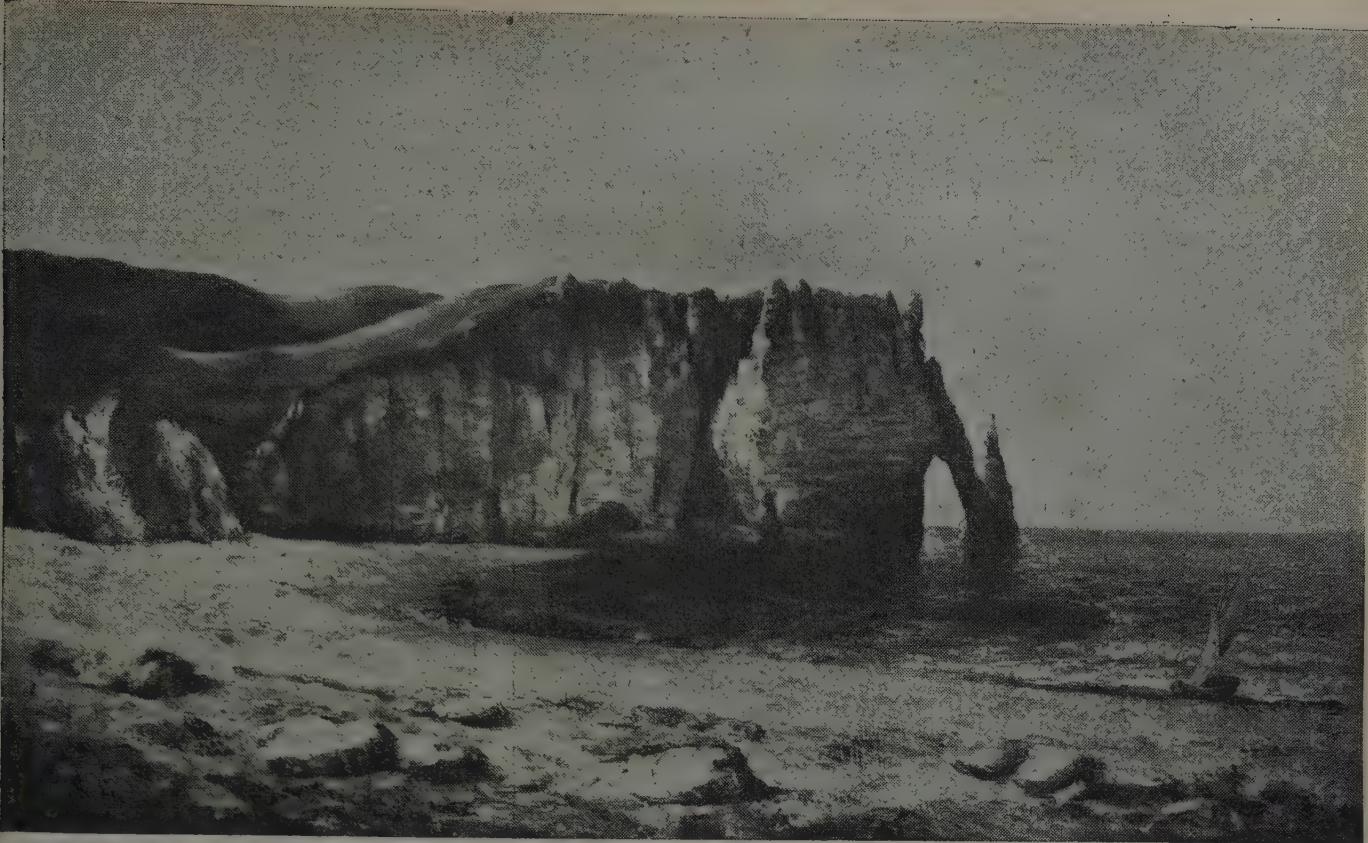


Musician in Rheims Cathedral (thirteenth century). One of the illustrations to Mr. Roger Fry's *Characteristics of French Art* (Chatto and Windus)

appearance of things; moral sentiments are not the special property of artists; and I also suggest that the perception of purely formal relations, and the conception of a world of phantasy, are common to many people besides artists. But the ability to express these diverse contents which art may have; that is unique in the artist. And by the ability to express I mean literally the technical skill to transpose mental images into linear signs. But it is more than an acquired skill—many poor artists are exquisite craftsmen. It is the capacity to allow the personality to express itself in the craftsmanship: some mysterious equivalence between thought and action. The act of putting pencil to paper, brush to canvas, becomes an act of what Croce has called lyrical intuition, and in that act, in that instant, the personality, and indeed the spirituality, of the artist is revealed.

If Mr. Fry could accept this limitation of the essentials of art, I think some of his prejudices might disappear—in particular his prejudice against Flemish and German artists, whom he charges with an inability 'to feel those larger plastic relations on which all the greatest painting is based'. Those larger plastic relations seem to leave no room for a good deal that is exquisite and a good deal that is powerful in the history of art.

HERBERT READ



Etretat, by Gustave Courbet—referred to by Mr. Fry in his *Characteristics of French Painting*, in the words quoted on the opposite page

By courtesy of Percy Moore Turner, Esq.

Art in Ancient Life—VIII

Architecture as an Art

By Professor BERNARD ASHMOLE

IT seems to me that the architect has two functions: one as builder or engineer, to make an efficient thing; and two, as artist, to make a beautiful thing. But since one of these functions can be performed by someone else, it is as a designer of beautiful things, limited, like the sculptor, by his subject and materials, that we must think of the architect. In making a simple kind of building, say a barn for storing hay, there is a choice of materials, and there is a choice of shape: you are not strictly limited for exact height, exact length and exact width. Within those limits, it is obviously possible for two men to make two buildings, each equally efficient; and yet one might be beautiful and the other might be ugly. The beautiful one is beautiful by virtue of the harmony of its shapes and the harmony of its materials, and the harmony of those shapes and of those materials with its surroundings. In its relation to the surrounding country there are two principles: either to make your building resemble its surroundings as much as possible—this is what you commonly see in the depths of the country, where a group of farm buildings with massive rugged walls and thatched roofs seems to grow out of the ground; or, perhaps the more civilised way, to make your building contrast with the surroundings. This was the way preferred in antiquity, and to see what simple horizontals and verticals really can mean you must go to a place like Deir el Bahri in Egypt or Phigaleia in Arcadia, where the temples are set against a background of wild hills. All these things, the arrangement of the elements of the building itself, the proper use of materials, the proper relation to the surroundings, are included in the word 'design', because the proper use of materials is simply a design in colours and textures; and, in the relating of a building to its surroundings, the whole countryside becomes part of your design.

The principles that we saw at their simplest in the two barns apply equally to the grandest buildings. Is St. Paul's Cathedral a good piece of architecture, and if so, why? I think we may assume that it is admired by a great many people, not only for religious reasons, nor simply because it is the cathedral of London, but because it is a great work of architecture: in fact, for aesthetic reasons. If that is so, what are the qualities which it possesses which make it so? Not the excellence of its building, for that in certain respects has proved defective; not its efficiency as a cathedral, because thousands who enjoy it do not know whether it is efficient as a cathedral or not. I suggest that

the reason why we like it is because of its shape; and that it is the function of the architect, so far as he is an artist, and not a builder or an engineer, to design buildings of pleasing shapes.

The Building Grows from the Plan

But there is one peculiarity about buildings which hardly any other work of art possesses: you can look at them not only from the outside; you can get inside them and look at them also from the inside, and you can understand their design best of all when you have lived in them, because you then know both interior and exterior, and how they are related to each other. So, not only must the external shapes be good, but the internal shapes must be good; and both external and internal shapes include also the pattern which the building makes as it lies on the ground: by which I mean its plan. I have, in fact, put these in the wrong order; it is the plan that must come first. Now the plan has, to some extent, been dictated by the function the building is to perform; the building grows out of the plan, and it is the plan which ensures that the building shall have unity as a composition, because it is the plan which gives the third dimension and suggests the mass. Throughout these talks I have suggested that the main quality of any work of art, or anyhow the main quality that can be analysed, is the harmony—the exactly right emphasis—of all its parts; and the building which harmonises plan, interior and exterior perfectly will be a perfect piece of architecture.

Have we said enough to gain some idea of what architecture is and to risk a definition? Or, at any rate, a description? I suggest something like the following: 'Architecture is building presented as a rhythmical arrangement of three-dimensional shapes'. Many faults can be found with that, and I have no doubt that architects will promptly find them. All I ask is that anyone who criticises it shall make an alternative one himself and allow me to criticise that.

Flat or Solid?

I suppose one of the first things that strike us when looking at a Greek building of the classical period is that it is not easy to tell which is its front and which its back. What a contrast this is to many modern English buildings, where the architecture is all in front! You can tell where the architecture officially begins, if you go to one of the corners. There you will find the edge of a thick slab of it which has been laid over the whole face

of the building like a mask. The building has so often started in the architect's mind not as a solid mass growing out of its plan, but as a flat façade, behind which the interior arrangements have to make the best of it they can, like a man in a suit which is too big or too small for him. The backs of these buildings are often much better than the fronts, because the masses are simple, clear and freshly conceived. They do not mouth platitudes at you. And the need of providing a series of rooms for the ordered



A capital of the Parthenon: supreme craftsmanship in marble

activity within often leads almost automatically to an ordered series of masses.

But my point at the moment is that a Greek building too, though it is a solid, and though there is no obvious difference of treatment between front, sides and back, is not presented as a solid: when you are standing in front of it there is nothing to help you to grasp emotionally the existence of the remainder. It was not at all unlike that early statue we looked at (No. 14 in the Supplement) which had four very pleasant views, but you had to go round and look at each of them in turn. The whole shape is not intelligible from one view without a conscious effort of the intellect. You can have an emotional reaction to the separate sides separately, or an intellectual understanding of the four sides which make up the whole, you may know that the columns run all the way round; but you cannot, at one view, have an emotional understanding of the whole. I think this partly arose from the rejection by the Greeks of rounded forms in the actual contours of the building—no rounded corners, no arches, no domes—nothing to lead the eye into the third dimension. You will say at once, 'That is absurd. You tell us that the Greeks rejected rounded forms, when the one element in architecture which we consider characteristically Greek is a rounded form, namely a column. Greek architecture is an architecture of columns'. But the column, though rounded, does not, as used by the Greeks, confer any rounded quality upon the building of which it forms part. Its important aspect to them was its verticality, and in order to emphasise that they cut flutes on it. And when you cut flutes on a column you present the surface of the cylinder which forms the column as a series of facets instead of a continuous curve: that is, you emphasise its solidity, but not its roundness; and you emphasise its verticality by the number of grooves which are scored by your fluting up and down it.

What is a Column?

Why did the Greeks have columns at all? Why do we have them? That question was brought home to me forcibly the other day when I was walking in front of the British Museum and was asked by a child, 'What are those things?' With a happy inspiration I compared the colonnade to a verandah, the use of which a child knows and appreciates. I explained that they did support part of the roof, even if it happened to be a part which deprived the building of half its light. I am not criticising the colonnade at the British Museum; I doubt if there is another colonnade in the world which is used for its proper purpose so much, and it is a delight to see people sitting and strolling about it on almost any day in the year, even in England. But—and this is the pathetic part about it—the classical tradition in which the architect was trained laid down that windows must be of a certain size, even though they had been designed for climates which had twice as much light as ours. If he had

not been fettered by tradition, he could have had both his colonnade and adequate lighting. That comparison with a verandah was actually a good one, for we can trace the stages by which the colonnade of Greek Doric temples had developed from a verandah supported on small wooden posts. Greek architecture became, and remained, essentially an architecture of columns; and columnar architecture has serious limitations. One of the chief is the limitation of height. In the classical tradition there is a fixed relation between the height of the column and the distance of each column from its neighbour; so that if you ran your columns up to much more than sixty or seventy feet you got a space at the top which could not be spanned by a beam of marble. The Greeks would not use the arch for this sort of purpose, though they were familiar with it, and the result was that Greek architecture remained essentially a one-storey architecture. And how curious it is, too, that the Greeks never invented any but the two orders of architecture, the Doric and Ionic: and the Corinthian, a modification, at first, of the Ionic. The cause of this apparent lack of invention was partly the very few architectural problems they were called upon to solve: the kinds of buildings were so few. The private house you can almost exclude, because it was so modest. Besides the theatre, which was hardly a building at all, but a stone facing applied to a hollow hill, there is hardly another kind of building of any size or importance except the temple. Both temple and theatre were admirably adapted to the function they had to fulfil, and they showed those functions clearly: the temple was the god's house, a human house of a rather old-fashioned kind—gods tend to be thought of as old-fashioned—glorified by being made large and adorned, while the theatre is a perfect functional plan without any adornment at all. But it was very much the Greek way to work at a few types

persistently and to attempt to bring them to perfection: certain types of pots, certain types of statues, certain types of buildings. They—some of them—believed that there did exist a perfect archetype, an ideal form, of every one thing, and that this could be discovered by unremitting effort.

Material and Structure

Marble, preferred by the classical Greek architect, seems to us



The Parthenon seen beyond a corner of the Propylaea: Doric buildings of the third quarter of the fifth-century B.C.

to be a sculptor's material, and in classical times there was a tendency to regard the whole building as carved out of a single block, with the accents made rather in the way that a sculptor would make them; so much so that where rough stone only was available it was completely covered with a fine white stucco. It was not the construction of the building which the architect wished to emphasise, but the artistic articulation. So little did he regard the structural origins of some of the forms that the capital was often in one piece with the top drum of the column, whereas in origin it was a separate member. Details which had their origin in structural peculiarities were retained because, though no longer structural, they gave the right accent in the right place. Colour was used to this end too. Brilliant accents of colour were put where they were wanted, towards the top, and the buildings grew brighter, like flowering plants, the nearer they were to the sky. Decoration by means of sculpture was common, but was not regarded as essential, and one of the finest Greek buildings, the Propylaea at Athens, had none. Where sculpture was employed it became part of the building, and had to behave itself accordingly, each kind of sculpture being of about the same depth of relief as its architectural surroundings, very shallow if the frieze were at the top of a large wall-surface; strongly projecting in the metopes, which were surrounded with heavy cornices and mouldings; and in the pediments, where the overhang is deeper still, the sculptural decoration turns into such high relief that the figures are really statues in the round.

If twenty people were asked what they regarded as the climax of Greek architecture, nineteen of them would name the Doric temple of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens, which we call the Parthenon. So let us take the Parthenon as a specimen of a building of the classical period. Your primary feeling in looking at the Parthenon is not that of weight, as it is in some of the earlier temples where both the columns and the superstructure they support not only are in fact, but are made to appear to be, very massive. In looking at the Parthenon you are conscious of a series of extremely straight and upright columns arranged with complete regularity on a strongly horizontal basis; you also see that these columns support a strongly horizontal superstructure.

Appearance, and Reality.

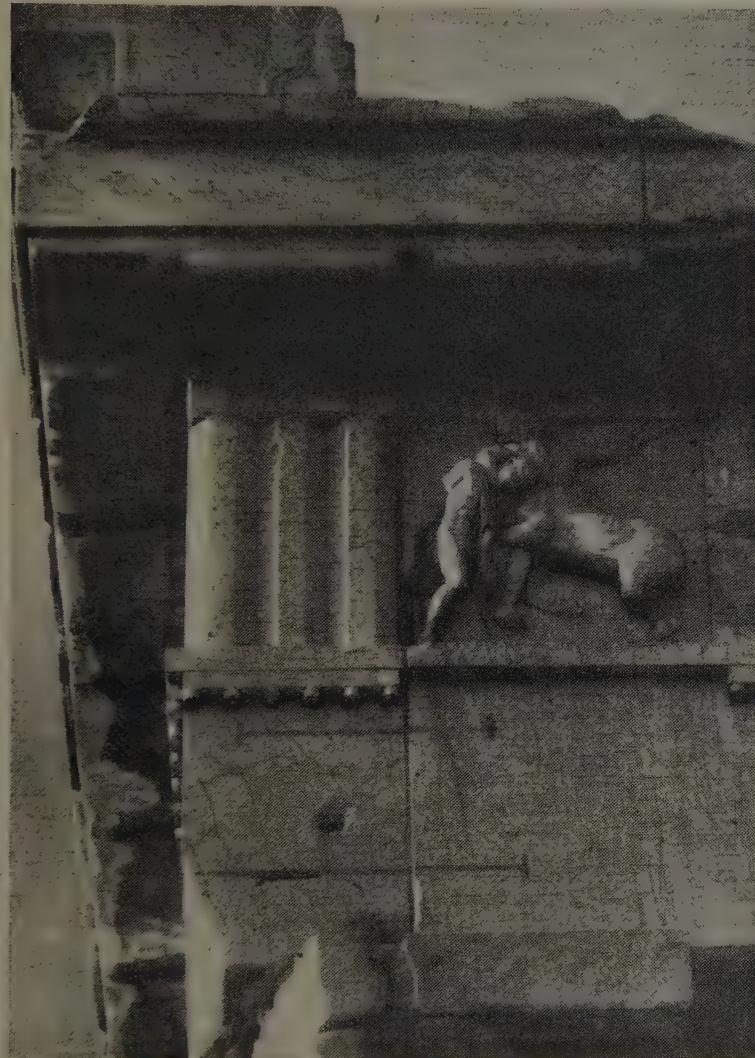
Now the extraordinary thing about that building is that not one of the things I have just stated about it is true. The horizontal platform on which the whole building stands is not horizontal, but rises towards the middle; it has been compared with a carpet, nailed at the four corners and lifted by a draught so that the middle of each of the four sides is higher than the corners. Those extremely straight columns have not straight, but curved, sides—sides curving outwards. Those same columns, apparently upright, are not really upright, but tilted both backwards and sideways. They are not all of the same thickness; and the regularity of their arrangement is an illusion too, because they are not all set at the same distance from each other. Will you be surprised then to find, when you come to the mass resting on those columns, that it, too, has the same peculiarity as the platform upon which the columns rested, and curves upwards towards the middle of each side? And not only that, but instead of being upright, it is leaning outwards. What a crazy building! Yes, but the craziness was the result of some of the deepest thinking that has ever been done by architects: deep thinking on a limited problem. And

what a lesson not to trust appearances; or rather what a lesson to trust your emotions first and your intellect afterwards. For all these variations were designed to enhance in appearance the very realities they were denying in fact. Is not that how I have defined art? It is an arrangement of ideas, not an imitation of nature. Its aim is to convey forms, which the architect for some reason or other considers beautiful, into the emotional consciousness of the spectator. And as with sculpture, the spectator's concern is not the method by which the result has been arrived at—that is a matter for the architect—but the result itself. You have noticed, of course, the deficiency in all my definitions, that I have not explained why some forms, rhythmically arranged, give more pleasure than other forms rhythmically arranged; and that is a thing I am afraid that no one has yet

succeeded in explaining. I have suggested that there may be a mathematical explanation for the appeal of certain shapes to us and the lack of appeal of certain other shapes. This seems to have been what the Greeks believed, and you can trace certain simple mathematical rhythms in the arrangement of the elements of their buildings. For example, in the Doric temple the mass which each column supports is marked out into elements arranged in twos or multiples of two: two triglyphs, two metopes, four lions' heads on the gutter above, and so on. And the main proportions of the facade of the Parthenon are not in themselves difficult to discover. It seems probable that other much more elaborate proportions were also employed. Now certain simple proportions are pleasing to us today. For example, a room, the proportions of which are a double cube, is proved by general experience to be a satisfactory shape. I do not mean that it is because these proportions please the intellect: I do not need to know that a room is a double cube for its proportion to please me. That is irrelevant to the aesthetic emotion which I feel. If this quality of pleasingness can be proved for certain simple schemes of proportion, the chances are that it also holds good for schemes of proportion not

nearly so simple, which cannot, perhaps, be analysed, though their existence can reasonably be presumed. And I still think that some such explanation as this may cover every form of art; but the proportions involved may be immensely complicated, and, though they are mathematical, may not have been arrived at by mathematical means.

A new edition, complete in one volume (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.), has been published of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's *Short History of the British Working Class Movement*. The book, which covers the whole of the period from 1789 to 1927, is well known as a standard textbook and work of reference in adult classes and among students of industrial history. Mr. Cole has added a new foreword in which he comments upon the events that have affected the Labour movement since the General Strike of 1926. He analyses, not only the causes of failure of the Labour Government of 1929-31, but also the reasons for the success of the National Government at last year's general election. The lesson which Mr. Cole draws is that the Labour Party must become, and is becoming, more definitely Socialist than it has been in the past; but while he suggests that trade unionism will also become increasingly 'political' as a result of changes in economic conditions, he also allows that it exercises 'a valuable corrective of the influence of middle-class supporters' of Labour.



A metope of the Parthenon still in position. High relief in a heavy architectural frame

Illustrations from 'The Acropolis', by Hege-Rodenwaldt (Blackwell, Oxford)

The Doctor and the Public—IX

Getting the Best Out of Middle Age

By A PHYSICIAN

GENERALLY speaking, men seem to accept middle age as a time when they can lecture younger men from an exalted platform; whereas women speak of it as if it applied only to other women. But this attitude on women's part has the advantage that if a woman thinks of herself as young she involuntarily behaves as a young person does; and this alone helps to keep her young. In the same way, the moment that a man begins to say 'I am getting old'; when he stretches on getting out of bed in the morning, and goes to sleep in his chair of an evening, he is reaching the danger point in life—namely, stagnation. If you want to keep young, keep to the habits of your youth, and think of yourself as young. I do not mean that you should be as violent in your exercise, because advancing years lay necessary restrictions upon you. But instead of settling down willingly into middle age, that is to say, welcoming it as an excuse for laziness, keep 'up and doing' as long as possible.

I am sure that the attitude one adopts towards growing old makes an enormous difference to one's happiness in middle age. I have heard it said that if a person is plain at sixteen it is not his or her fault; but if an individual is plain at sixty, it is—which, being interpreted, means that the state of one's mind is reflected in one's features, and the sum total of one's features constitutes one's expression. You all know that the middle-aged person who is resentful of whatever hardships he or she undergoes is a very different individual from one who reflects contentment. Appreciation of the good things one enjoys, and satisfaction at the unpleasant things one is avoiding, all make for happiness in middle age. There is an old story of a visitor to a mental hospital who saw a patient beating himself violently on the head with a board. He went up to him and asked, 'Doesn't it hurt?' To which the man replied, 'Yes, it does fearfully, but it's such a pleasant feeling when you leave off!' There is a negative pleasure in not having a pain, which this story illustrates. How much one appreciates waking up in the morning without the headache which has accompanied one to bed! If I were asked the ideal attitude to adopt in middle age, I should say, appreciate all one's blessings, and do not dwell on hardships, or what are imagined to be hardships, though I realise only too well what terrible hardships many people are suffering today. I know this sounds rather like a sermon, but I believe so strongly that real happiness in middle age can only be achieved by a happy mind in a healthy body.

Adjustment to Bodily Change

This is the mental side of middle age. What about the physical? In my last talk I referred briefly to the fact that there were certain unhealthy states which were more commonly seen in the middle aged than in the young. One of these is obesity, and you will remember that I emphasised the importance of keeping your weight down to a suitable level. By the way, the opposite state, undue leanness, is also seen in middle age and is often dependent also upon derangements of the ductless glands. Since my last talk the B.B.C. has received several letters from listeners complaining that, while advice and help are freely offered to fat people, the poor thin ones are left to look after themselves. I can assure listeners that this was not due to indifference on my part; but to the fact that there are so many more cases of obesity than leanness, and I chose that which I felt would be more helpful to the greater number. Another point I put before you was the regulation of your diet, so that even though you were not fat, you should not take any more food than you require or can get rid of.

In men, middle age is a time when the term 'change of life' is applicable. The change of life in women is well recognised by everyone, but men undergo a similar process, although more drawn-out and not so tiresome, because it is less sudden. In both sexes, therefore, it is wise to recognise the fact that middle age is a time when a certain amount of adjustment of the bodily functions takes place. In other words, the organs are adjusting themselves to fresh conditions in the blood which supplies them. If the juices change in their composition, due to, for example, a dying down of the sexual activities, then it must be expected that the individual will notice changes in his or her feelings. Bear in mind that if the alteration in the blood chemicals takes place very suddenly, the result is apt to be more disturbing. Nowadays a great deal of help can be given to people during this time of life. Do not be unduly worried, therefore, and remember that it is only a transition time, and that the discomforts will pass sooner or later. In any case, your doctor can help you very much more than he could have done years ago. If the organs which regulate our bodies are necessarily undergoing changes during these years, we must expect to find some

things, which formerly were easy, no longer possible. It would be foolish to expect a man of fifty to sprint like a youngster, and it would be asking for trouble if he were to rush to the top of a mountain as he may often have done twenty years previously.

Bearing in mind these facts, I want you to consider for a few moments what can be done to make the middle years of life as healthy as possible. Modern medical science is essentially concerned with the prevention of organic disease. By organic disease I mean a disease associated with permanent changes in the structure of an organ or organs. Many of you may have heard the term 'functional disorder'. This means a disorder where the function, or working, of part of the body is disordered. The object of medical treatment is to see a disorder in its functional or temporary stage, and to apply treatment so that it never reaches the organic stage. You may often wonder why you are advised to see a doctor at frequent intervals. The truth is that doctors can do little but adjust the body once organic disease is established, whereas they can do very much in its early stages. If you were overhauled once a year, for example, the doctor would see the beginning of any little abnormality in the bodily workings, and could advise you what steps to take to escape it. So I advise you to see your doctor from time to time; to report to him any little symptom which has been troubling you, and let him interpret its meaning with the specialised knowledge he possesses.

Some Commonsense Maxims

The majority of us have to live in towns, and this means that we must make an effort which is not required by those fortunate enough to be living in the country. If you are a dweller in a city, you must make the opportunity to get daily exercise and fresh air. Do not live in over-heated rooms, because you will get accustomed to heat and you are more likely to catch cold than a person who is, so to speak, exposed to all weathers. It is important not to coddle yourself with too much clothing. You have heard it said that the skin needs to breathe. This, of course, is rather fanciful. But the skin does require fresh air to circulate round it, and does not want to be swaddled in thick impervious underclothing. I often wonder, when I look at men on a mild day in London, walking about with thick overcoats. I am not counselling you to walk about half naked, but I do suggest that you should adjust your clothing to the outside temperature, and not wear a heavy overcoat just because it is January. Keep your meals simple and do try to avoid over-eating just because the dishes are succulent. Cooking has a lot to answer for. If we tempt our appetites by tasty dishes, we are apt to forget that sooner or later we shall suffer if we partake of these dishes too freely. As I said before, the disorders of middle age find their roots in youth. Chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., are often the penalty of years of unwise feeding.

Some people grudge the hours they spend in sleep, but this is unwise. Supposing one sleeps an average of eight hours in the twenty-four, then a man of sixty has spent twenty years of his life asleep. This sounds terrible, but if you realise that the twenty years of sleep have made the forty years of wakefulness healthy, you will not, I am sure, grudge the time spent in sleep. You probably do not realise what sleep really is. It is the time when all the tension of the body relaxes. It replaces to some extent food, in that much less food is required to repair waste when sleep is adequate, and also because expenditure of energy by the body is reduced to a minimum during sleep. Here are a few tips to help you to get to sleep. First, don't worry that you will suffer from insomnia. In your own mind take sleep for granted. Once you are in bed, relax all your muscles and imagine yourself, for example, a rag doll, and imitate its limpness. This will help to some extent in producing the absence of tension to be aimed at. Keep your feet warm, and if you have indigestion, remember that this should be put right, as it is one of the commonest causes of insomnia. Avoid stimulants, such as tea, coffee or alcohol, for some hours before bedtime.

I suppose that most of us who have chosen our parents wisely may very well look forward to a healthy middle and old age, if we observe these simple rules, not only in middle life, but when we are in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Illness is a wasteful and unpleasant scourge, and is worth avoiding. One sometimes hears it said that to educate the public in matters medical is to draw their attention to themselves, and make them nervous of disease. I don't agree. I think it was George Eliot who said that introspection was not evil unless it was morbid. I don't believe that a healthy-minded individual will be any the worse for getting a troublesome symptom explained and put right by the doctor. Nervous individuals are more likely to be reassured than frightened by a frank discussion with their doctor.

The Listener's Music

A Real Questionnaire

THE broadcasting of music has inevitably led to a vast increase of inattentive listeners, and so has tended to differentiate more sharply than before between the active and passive sort. Formerly, our only sources of music were the concert-hall and the domestic circle, and in both we had to maintain at least an appearance of attention; audible conversation and the reading of newspapers were frowned on in the home, and taboo in the concert room, as being rude to the performers and disrespectful to the art. With nothing else to do, most of those who were not dozing really listened, if only as an escape from boredom, and so the average of attentive hearing was higher than it is today, when even in musical households the broadcast concert is an accompaniment rather than the event it ought to be. Moreover, the comparative scarcity of first-class musical performances twenty years ago led us to make the most of our opportunities: to-day music is becoming little more than one of the innumerable forms of noise, pleasant and otherwise, that constitute the background of life.

The division of listeners into the active and passive type is, however, no new thing. Evidently Fétis, the learned French writer, had it in mind when, about a century ago, he wrote *Music Explained*—the first book written definitely for the benefit of the amateur concert-goer. And in Vernon Lee's *Music and Its Lovers**, the latest attempt to investigate our reactions to music, although the work was begun about twenty years ago, we find the author opening with a discussion of the difference between hearing and listening. She describes as listeners those who concentrate on, or 'sit up' to, music; those who lounge, mentally and physically, are labelled as 'mere hearers'. The distinction may pass: it also serves to remind us that the terms have undergone some modification as a result of broadcasting. Formerly, listening was an intensive form of hearing; today when in a million homes the wireless stream of entertainment and instruction goes barely regarded, the ordinary listener is far from being intent.

Dr. Lee's book is based on about 150 replies to a questionnaire issued some twenty-five years ago to correspondents in various parts of the world and of several nationalities. It seems to have varied with the nationality of the recipient. The English form is given complete, and is described as 'An Enquiry into Individual Differences with reference to the Expressive or Emotional Powers of Music'. It consists of sixteen queries, each with several sections. The first four are concerned mainly with the recipient's musical ability: e.g., 'Have you learnt to play or sing?' 'Do you improvise on the piano?' 'Can you remember (that is, hear in your mind) melody—harmony—timbre of several instruments?' and so forth. The bulk of the remainder have to do with emotional and other reactions. For example:

Does music (always without words or suggestive title) (a) put you into emotional conditions or mood different from the one you happen to be in? Does it seem to have a meaning, a message, something beyond itself, or does it seem to remain 'just music'? Does the hearing of music disturb?

There are also questions concerning attention:

After hearing music, do you ever, or often, find that you have been thinking of other things?

One of the queries is concerned with composers:

How do your preferences stand with regard to (a) Bach, (b) Mozart, (c) Beethoven (state whether earlier or later), (d) Chopin, (e) Wagner? Does Wagner seem to you to stand in any way apart, appealing to and producing emotional effects different from those of other musicians?

The enquiry as to Beethoven is unfortunate in its disregard of the composer's middle period. There are plenty of musicians who have little use for his early works, and perhaps even more to whom his third period music is enigmatic; but almost all are united in admiration of the middle period productions. The list is not only too short: it ignores the widely-differing branches of the composers' output. Thus, Bach's choral works make little appeal to many who enjoy his instrumental music; and even the choral department has to be subdivided, for the 'Passions' and the B minor Mass are more appealing to the average hearer than are the Church Cantatas, owing to the

intimate character of the latter, and also because they often express a piety so remote from the present day that it can rarely be recaptured: the most we can do is to realise it in part through the imagination. A better form of query, surely, would be: 'Name your six favourite composers, in order of preference (if possible), giving brief reasons for your choice'. It would frequently be found that several of the favourites were drawn from lesser men who are not among Dr. Lee's 'big five'. I doubt, indeed, if enquiries of the sort take sufficiently into consideration the attractive qualities of second-grade composers: and often the line dividing first from second grades is highly debatable.

Moreover, it is possible (even easy) to pay due homage to the admittedly great, and at the same time to bestow our affections elsewhere. Lamb's essay, 'Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading', contains a significant passage that may be applied to music:

Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more stale and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Similarly, a really musical person may uncover respectfully before Bach and Beethoven, while indulging in a secret passion for the musical Drummonds and Cowleys of various periods.

The replies concerning the five composers specified in the query are of interest, however. They bear out pretty closely the conclusions suggested by the replies to the imaginary questionnaire discussed recently in these columns. Generally, the great 'absolute' composers come first—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart. Chopin is ignored in several replies, and placed last in two others; of the two writers who rank him high, one is attracted only by definitely emotional music, and cites Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, and Russian composers in bulk; the other says: 'Bach first, then Beethoven (last period), Mozart, Chopin; but it is impossible to separate the last three'—a classification and remark which I should like to discuss, did space permit.

One reply deals with Bach and Chopin thus: 'La musique de Bach est désénervante, celle de Chopin souverainement énervante'—a pronouncement suggesting too little familiarity with the greater works of the latter, though there is a good deal in it.

Some of the comments on composers are more curious than convincing. Thus, an answer signed 'Magnus' (the correspondents all use a *nom de guerre*) says of Bach:

The music of Bach, the wordless part of it . . . reminds me of a newly-scrubbed floor and of a plain domestic interior painfully clean. His Passion music, the Protestant Chorale and the fugal elaboration bear no devotional character, do not breathe the spirit of worship as does the music of Palestrina or Gounod, or as does so much Anglican sacred music.

The bracketing of Palestrina, Gounod and Anglican Church music indicates a queer critical faculty, and we are not surprised to find the preferences of 'Magnus' on another page to be:

Liszt and Saint Saens. Versatile men of the world, concealing learning . . . through contempt of professional pedantry.

The quotations don't tell us much about the composers, but they throw a fierce light on 'Magnus'!

The chapters dealing with 'Pictures suggested by music', 'Interpretation as drama', 'Has music a meaning?', inevitably give the answerers a chance to let themselves go, often with diverting results. I wish space permitted me to quote. Room must be found, however, for a passage that bears on association as a factor. 'Bona G.' (a painter) speaks of a Chopin Nocturne (unspecified) as suggesting 'An old Russian woman dressed in man's clothes playing Chopin in her study. Listeners squatting round. Her white hair and black velvet. A boat rocking in the moonlight'.

On this the author comments:

The detail, e.g., 'Listeners squatting round', etc., shows that this must be a true mental picture. But it differs from the others

by not having any emotional correspondence at the bottom of it . . . It is probably similar to much literary visualisation, a developing succession of verbal suggestions: Chopin—Slav-Russian; Chopin—George Sand—Woman in man's clothes—Bohemian party—lack of furniture—listeners squatting on the floor.

Ingenious and probable. The reference to 'boat rocking in the moonlight' was no doubt due to a rhythmical figure; several other answers allude to water and boats.

Some of the replies do not mince matters:

Q. VIII. Chopin? No, I put him at the bottom—and Liszt?—stamp on him! Wagner? . . . my hair rises with rage. Many experiments have been tried to deceive me, but I always know Wagner and am physiologically ill.

Again:

Q. IX. Moral or immoral? Chopin and Wagner chiefly, a material effect. Some of Rossetti's pictures and Swinburne's poems affect me the same way. Wagner? All Hell, thank you. The soft gentle parts as much as the loud. Nothing to do with the volume of sound.

The most revealing chapter is perhaps that headed 'Myself as *Corpus Vile*', wherein the author describes her own musical

experiences and reactions. There are also interesting sections on music as a language, the power of words (in connection with which much might have been said as to the evocative power of words on certain composers, notably Bach), the ethical status of music, etc. The volume contains, in fact, much that is of value to musicians and critics—the two classes of reader for whom, however, the author states emphatically she was not writing. But why? As she adds that her book is also not even for intelligent amateurs, one speculates as to the type of reader who is supposed to benefit from it. But any sort of readers may be put off by the book's formidable length (nearly 600 pages), by its discursiveness, and by the author's tendency to use about fifty per cent. more words than are necessary. Despite its appearance of elaborate arrangement and classification, it is, in fact, a sprawling collection of data for dipping into rather than for reading. The perfect book on the subject (if such a thing is possible concerning the art to which, more than any other, the *de gustibus* tag applies) may come some day. When it does, *Music and Its Lovers* will be found to have played no small part in its compilation.

HARVEY GRACE

Science in the Making

By GERALD HEARD

IT has been found that through the heating of the soil we might immensely increase our food yield, a problem which is important to the whole world, but absolutely vital to us on this island. But the heating of the soil may take time before it can be put into practice to any considerable degree. There is another method of increasing our food yield ready to be used almost at once, whereby we may preserve green grass to feed our cattle throughout the year. It is the culmination of several lines of research. In the first place it was found that the youngest, freshest and greenest grass is far the most nourishing. The nourishing protein is in the succulent small blades. As the grass grows long it gets reedy; it is made up more and more of cellulose, the fibre stuff which does not nourish. When the hay crop is carried, a great deal of the food value has already been lost. How, then, can the cattle get the short rich grass? Nature, as usual when left to itself, is too prodigal at times and then too frugal at others. When the grass is growing fastest in the summer, in what is called by the poetic name of the flush growth, then the cattle can hardly eat fast enough to keep it down, at least in this green and pleasant land. If the short rich stuff could be mown and stored it would be the best feed in the world, but so far it has had to be left, because everyone who has ever mown a lawn knows how soon the heap of mown grass gets hot, spontaneously combusts and destroys itself. Now, however, a Finnish Professor called Virtanen seems to have solved this problem. He has found out by research that he can store the mowing in pits by spraying it with a special acid which prevents bacteria and enzymes working in it, then giving the top layer another sort of spray to prevent mould forming on it, and finally shutting it all down fast; the grass will then keep almost as though it were quite fresh. We are told that English farmers are taking far less interest in this discovery than the farmers of New Zealand, the United States, Holland and Germany. This new stuff is so rich that cows fed on it through the winter can do without cake. The farmers are always asking us to protect them, yet we have to pay to let in foreign cake to feed their cows when they will not preserve the stuff which grows at their feet and thus relieve us from the necessity of a costly import. But though that is a matter of grave public concern, it is mainly because of public health rather than because of public finance that we must ask them to get a move on. For the winter milk of cows fed on this new kind of stored grass not only is very like the best summer milk, in the butter fat and protein that it contains, but it also has a very high vitamin content. It has been shown that most of us through the winter months depend for our vitamin A and D on milk and milk products. And there is a pretty grim confirmation of this when we learn that in Finland, where this discovery about preserving grass has been made, it has been proved that up till now children hardly ever grow save in the months from July to December. When the cows' milk loses its vitamins the rising generation ceases to rise and has to mark time or fall back. So perhaps we ought not to be surprised to learn that this discovery has caught on like wild-fire in Finland. Three years ago it was being tried out on 3,000 farms. This year it is being used on 13,000. Yet grass in Finland is not of the best, while we have grass second to none in the world. Is not this a case where a little more science would not only be more in accord with common-sense but with public safety? And may we not demand such an advance from our farmers, especially as much of the research into the improving of grass land and the great food value of young grass has been done by chemical scientists here in England?

Now for an example of the even stranger way science is enriching our lives in the world of art. Perhaps the most wonderful voice in the world was Caruso's. But he lived at a time when gramophone recording was so rudimentary that records made nearly thirty years ago of his singing are only the roughest rendering of his gift. It is not that the gramophone records have perished. It is because the simple record could only give a very restricted and partial rendering of his voice. This was a state of affairs which, one would have thought, no application of science could remedy. The record was imperfect from the beginning. The original had vanished. And we of these after years must remain content with thin, inadequate sounds as sole reminder of the magnificent fullness that has sunk into the final silence. But, no. The record, though it recorded only a fragment of the great voice's range, did record that part accurately and preserved it. From that piece it would therefore be possible, theoretically, to reconstruct the whole, just as from arcs of circles one can calculate and reconstruct the complete circles. But how could this be done actually? Of course, an electric current is the only instrument delicate enough to do this super-human work. The minute impressions which were made by the sound of the voice on the old wax record are now made to make not sounds, but electric impulses. It is known what ranges of the voice the old record failed adequately to render, and these feeble reproductions are corrected and amplified, as though you took a faint, ill-developed photograph, and touched it up until all that it only suggested was perfectly clear and definite. But that was not all. Caruso had sung with an orchestra accompanying him. This part of the record was even feebler than the part rendering his voice. You would have thought, however, that it would have been impossible to take the two apart. Yet, by using filters, the original orchestral sounds were shut out. And now nothing is left but the voice of Caruso built up again to its full capacity. This rendering is next studied by a conductor, until he knows Caruso's singing of the piece, as though the dead man stood before him and sang again. When the conductor has learnt that, then he takes his orchestra and, himself listening to Caruso through headphones, he conducts the orchestra while it plays Caruso's accompaniment. And so the voice that sang twenty-nine years ago, and has been built up again from a fragment, is reunited with its accompaniment played today.

This year the Victoria and Albert Museum has brought out a set of colour reproductions on cards which are intended to serve the needs of those who want to give unusual Christmas cards; and alongside of the cards two types of folder have been made available, carrying in one case a message of greeting, in the other an early English lyric. The cards include two miniatures from a Flemish Book of Hours, a Turkish dish with sailing vessel design, a splendid turkey painted by a Mogul Court painter, and several coloured textiles with most attractive patterns. Another pleasant idea for Christmas cards is to give one of the excellent sixpenny picture-books also issued by the Museum. The latest additions are *English Medieval Wall-Paintings* (which includes several of Professor Tristram's reconstructions), *Arms and Armour*, *Corean Pottery* and *Flowers in English Embroidery*. The chief merit of this admirable series is the clarity of the reproduction; objects that will reproduce on a small scale are chosen, and there is no crowding on the page.

Out of Doors

Milk Production in England Today

By JAMES MACKINTOSH

DURING the last fifty years, the growth of our great cities has increased the demand for milk, and the development of new and improved methods of transport for milk has made it easily possible for the cities to draw their supplies from districts many miles away. It has become practicable for farmers in every county in England to supply milk for human consumption, and this fact, together with the regular and, as a rule, better financial returns obtained, has induced many farmers, who formerly grew grain crops and fattened cattle, to take up milk production.

This development of milk production, especially since the War, has seen the introduction of many improvements in the management of dairy herds, such as systematic milk-recording, control of rations, improved breeding methods and greater care in the handling of milk. The keeping of records of the milk yield of individual cows as part of the routine in well-managed herds has become general only since the inauguration of a national scheme by the Ministry of Agriculture in 1913. Development was naturally slow from 1914 to 1918, but after that year the increase was rapid. In 1917 there were, in the various societies, 708 herds, comprising about 20,000 cows, and by 1930 the numbers had increased to 4,836 herds, comprising about 140,000 cows. The average annual yield of the cows in officially recorded herds has risen from 599 gallons in 1917-18 to 719 gallons in 1930-31. Abundant evidence has been supplied by experienced practical farmers that the information obtainable from such records is of the greatest value as a means of discovering unprofitable cows, of showing which are the best cows to breed from, of affording a basis for economical feeding according to milk yield, and of introducing business methods into the management of the herd.

In the feeding of dairy herds, scientific research has enabled a system to be evolved which can be easily adapted to practical conditions, whereby the daily ration can be regulated according to the size of the cow and the quantity and quality of the milk produced. The principles governing the selection of foods, and the quantities which should be given for maintenance and for production, are now widely understood and acted on, but as a result of continued research work, modifications and improvements are suggested from time to time. Take, for instance, the suggestion by American investigators that the standard requirements of starch equivalent (or total digestible nutrients) and digestible protein per unit of milk produced should be varied slightly according to the conditions of milk production and the general quality of the foods. Where milk production is carried on at a moderate level and under very favourable conditions, the allowance of digestible protein in the food may be one-and-a-quarter times the amount in the milk, but where production is at a higher rate, or where the food stuffs are not of high quality, the allowance may be as much as one-and-three-quarter times the amount in the milk. Our custom in calculating the production part of the ration is to allow 0.55 lb. to 0.6 lb. digestible protein per gallon of milk; this new suggestion is to the effect that the amount should vary from 0.45 to 0.63 lb., according to the conditions of production.

An American experiment dealing with the same problem from a different angle has given very interesting results. A herd of thirty-six cows was divided into three groups of twelve each, and the management and feeding of all groups were on the same lines except that one group received a mixture of concentrates containing 16 per cent. total protein, another a mixture containing 20 per cent., and a third a mixture containing 24 per cent. The results, in respect of milk yields, general health and vigour, showed no significant differences between the three groups over a two-year period. It seems a reasonable inference from these investigations that the standard to which rations for English dairy herds should be adjusted may be varied slightly downwards when it is known that the conditions of feeding and management are favourable.

In addition to the adoption of milk-recording and scientific rationing, much greater attention has been given during recent years to breeding for milk production. The rivalry between the different dairy breed societies and the keen competition at the different shows and elsewhere has stimulated the interest of many farmers in the breed they favour, and has led to a greater interest in the complex subject of inheritance of dairy qualities. Studies of the degree to which parents and grandparents contribute to the milk and fat-producing power of their daughters have shown, in some instances, that the paternal grandsire has apparently contributed less than the other grandparents, and it has therefore been suggested that some of the milk-yielding qualities may be inherited in a sex-linked manner. If it were proved beyond question that the power of influencing milk yields possessed by a particular bull could be

passed on to his daughters, but not to his sons, a basic fact of great importance in breeding would have been established; it would mean that the sons of a 'beef-bred' bull out of a good milking cow could be used in dairy herds without the risk of lowering the milking qualities of the progeny. Other investigations on this subject do not support the sex-linkage theory, and, as yet, no definite conclusion can be stated.

We have recently realised that we can judge the true value of a dairy bull much more accurately by the milking qualities of his daughters than by the records of his dam and grand-dams. This has led to various schemes for the 'proving' of bulls by progeny tests. For such schemes, promising sires must be kept alive until their daughters have come into milk. This means that the bull must be kept until about five years old, and the practical difficulties in the way of keeping aged bulls must be overcome to a greater extent than is customary.

Much discussion is also taking place on the amount and nature of the evidence which should be supplied by a progeny test. It is essential that the heifers, whose milking qualities constitute the evidence, should be unselected, and, as the information is wanted at the earliest possible moment, the suggestion has been made that the milk records of the first six daughters in order of calving should be used for this purpose. This appears a reasonable suggestion, but experience may show that in dual-purpose breeds a larger number is required than in dairy herds to give a reliable basis for judgment.

The need for better bulls in dairy herds is being increasingly recognised, and as the movement towards breeding, and the maintenance of the herd by home-bred stock, gains in popularity, the demand for 'proved' bulls and for young bulls of suitable type and of proved ancestry will increase. Here I wish also to emphasise the importance of quality as well as quantity in the milk yields of the dams and daughters of the bulls bought for stock purposes. The continued selection of bulls on the basis of yield, without regard to quality, may easily lead to an increased yield of poorer quality milk, but herds which earn a reputation for poor quality milk will have increasing difficulty in finding a satisfactory market. In this connection the development of the practice of selling milk in bottles, and the value of a good cream layer in holding old customers and obtaining new ones, has concentrated more attention on the fat content, and has increased the popularity of those breeds of dairy cattle which yield richer milk of a better colour.

In many districts, in order to produce milk of the colour and quality required, the dairy herds contain cows of a number of different breeds and crosses. The bulls used and the calves produced in such herds are often of inferior quality, and any appreciable increase in the number of such herds is a step backward rather than forward in the improvement of our dairy stock. At the same time such mixed herds often produce a very saleable milk, and it is therefore most important that the owners of herds of cows of one breed or type should prove to themselves and others that the improvement of a herd and the production of a good quality milk can be carried on together.

During recent years there has also been a marked and universal improvement in the hygienic conditions of milk production. Improvements in this respect lead to better keeping qualities, with consequently less loss to producers, distributors and consumers, and also ensure greater wholesomeness. The means whereby this improvement has been brought about are numerous and are being continually added to and developed. Much research work of a practical nature has been undertaken at the National Institute for Research in Dairying, and advice has been, and is, freely given by this institute, by agricultural colleges and by county agricultural staffs, on such points as the improvement of cowsheds, methods of milking, handling of the milk and the cleansing of utensils. Many counties have also organised and carried out Better Milk Competitions during recent years; in 1931, competitions of this nature were in operation in thirty-nine counties; the number of competitors was 1,149, and in the course of the work nearly 10,000 samples of milk were examined and reported on. The National Milk Publicity Council has also given valuable assistance, and a gradually increasing number of the large firms of milk buyers have instituted 'bonus' or 'quality payment' schemes, whereby a slight additional sum is paid to those producers attaining a specified hygienic standard; in some instances additional payments are also made for milk of a higher fat content. The dairy farmers themselves have recognised to an increasing extent that they must produce a satisfactory and reliable product, and, taking the country as a whole, great credit must be given for the strenuous efforts which have been made in recent years, often under very adverse conditions.



Designed for utility, but capable of affording pleasure—especially to anglers. Part of the Grand Junction Canal

The Times

Canal Fishing

By T. A. WATERHOUSE

IT is a queer time to talk about canal fishing while November glims the country, but fishing is such a fascinating subject for some of us that even to think of it makes us completely forget about the weather. And while there are so many round us, unfortunately, in the mood to be dismal, it is a good thing, I think, for someone to tell about that section of the working class in this country which never loses hope and patience—the happy fellows who go out fishing.

None of the fishermen I have in mind possess a lot of money, but he is a very poor sort of fellow indeed who cannot scrape enough together to fit himself up for a share of the most placid sport in the world, that of canal-fishing. The people of this country have the luck to own hundreds of miles of wonderful canals, linking up the great industrial centres of the Midlands and the North. Those who first designed them, for the purpose of cheap transport, little dreamt of the great delight they would provide in after years for many thousands of their countrymen with the enterprise to own a fishing-rod and line.

Some of us, of course, take to float fishing very early in life. I can remember quite well the great joy it gave me as a lad when my father took me with him one day when he went fishing in the Warwick Canal. I know I had to trot half my time, to keep pace with his eager stride to reach the water, and it seemed a very long way. Fishermen of the towns never hesitate to march a long distance between home and water to reach some favourite place, and when I was a lad it was nothing unusual for fellows at bank holiday times to set off from home at midnight, for a long tramp with fishing tackle, to reach some fancied spot at dawn where they might spend a complete day by the canal. On that first memorable outing my father had a cheap bamboo rod and a yard or two of fine silk line, with a length of horsehair tied to a tiny hook. For a float he had a porcupine quill and a few little round balls of lead, called 'split shot', pinched on the line, to cause his float to ride straight up in the water, with the top merely showing. A few spare hooks in reserve seemed to be all the extra tackle he thought he would need. He took a slice of white bread, to moisten in a handkerchief at the waterside, so that he could knead it into a paste for hook bait, and some scalded bran, carefully prepared at home, to serve as groundbait, that he scattered gently in the water round his float, to induce the fish to come along and take some interest in his baited hook. It seemed to me that day there was no one more clever in the world than my father, as he gave a

quick upward flick with the rod whenever the top of his float bobbed under the water in the slightest degree. I got so eagerly excited to see what he was doing that I got a cuffed ear for tangling his line. Yet I saw enough that day to set me burning to get some fishing tackle of my own, a thing I managed long afterwards, in some modest way, when I began to work just before I reached the age of thirteen.

Of course, fishing can only be learned by practice, and yet even if my reward was extremely small in my days as a beginner I shall always remember thankfully how that first rod of mine continually beckoned me out to fresh adventure in very pleasant places. It does not seem to be generally known and appreciated that many of our canals form really beautiful waterways, their quiet waters often shaded with overhanging trees, within a surprisingly close distance to some of the towns. The Stratford-on-Avon Canal, for instance, passes from Birmingham through fine rural scenery, and the Shropshire Union Canal, starting from Newtown, in Wales, winds through a most lovely land, delightful for anyone to see. But canal-fishing is not always followed where the landscape is complete entrancing. I met the cleverest fishermen of all my days, and learnt my best fishing lessons, when I worked years ago in mid-Lancashire, and had shopmates kind enough to show me that gudgeon lived in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, at Plank Lane Flash, near to West Leigh. Those fishermen I knew used to have little sharp hooks, spanning about an eighth of an inch from barb to shank across the bend, tied to the finest horsehair they could possibly find. For a float they rarely had more than a three-inch length of the white quill of a peacock tail feather, little floats that fell on the water as noiseless as snowflakes, quick to betray a bite. Their chief bait was a bloodworm, the larva of a gnat—a little wine-red thread-like insect, found chiefly in the mud covered by semi-stagnant water: and for groundbait they employed the smaller bloodworms, mixed with sand to make them sink. They had light rods, seldom over ten feet long, and found the depth they had to fish to a nicety with a leaden plummet fastened to the hook. The bait was set to ride about an inch from the bottom of the canal, and the speedy way those fellows could catch gudgeon from such unlikely-looking waters, all amongst the factories and the mines, is almost beyond belief. I know when I returned to Birmingham and fished the way they had taught me I once caught sixty-three gudgeon in a two-hour fishing contest in the Stafford and Worcester Canal and won first prize.

What You Can Grow in Your Greenhouse

By C. H. MIDDLETON

ONCE upon a time, when I was a very small boy, my father took me into a greenhouse, and the impressions it left on my mind are still very vivid. It all seemed so wonderful and unreal. Even now I can see the camellias, the Maréchal Niel roses, and the 'cherry pie', with their fragrance mixed up with the warm vapour which rose from the pipes under the iron grating of the floor. Clumps of bushes and Michaelmas daisies mark the spot now, and not a brick nor stone remains of my 'palace of flowers'. Greenhouses of today are not nearly so interesting; they seem to have degenerated into mere 'factories' for the production of table delicacies, or flowers to be admired elsewhere. However, it is not so much with the greenhouses of the past that I am concerned at the moment as with that little house or conservatory of yours. What do you intend to do with it? You must make up your mind: you can't have everything, and if you try to grow too many things you won't be successful with any of them. You can have grapes or peaches, but if you do you mustn't expect to fill the house with flowers and ferns during the winter, because it simply can't be done. Let it be one or the other; much better to do one thing well than half-a-dozen badly.

First, let us consider the cold house, which has no artificial heat at all, and think out a cropping scheme which will supply us with as many good things as possible. Doubtless you will want tomatoes in the summer, and I know of nothing more suitable. They can be grown in large pots or boxes, or they can be planted out in the greenhouse border. For the cold house it is better not to attempt to raise the plants from seeds yourself, the season is too short for that; it is better to buy well advanced plants in pots in May, then you will get fruit much earlier. In September, when your tomatoes have finished, you will want something to follow them. I can think of nothing better for the autumn than early flowering chrysanthemums, which will give you masses of flowers for cutting when those out of doors have been spoilt by autumn storms. To get these you simply put out the young plants in the spring, and let them grow out of doors all the summer, then carefully dig them up and take them into the greenhouse to flower, after the tomatoes have been cleared away, and the house washed down. If you lift the chrysanthemums carefully with a good ball of soil, you can drop them straight into pots, or herring boxes, and fill them up with more soil, and the plants will take little or no harm. But a better way is to use the new wire 'pots,' as they are called, if you can get them. These might be described as wire baskets, about a foot square, and the same in depth. You bury these in rows in the garden in the spring, and plant a young chrysanthemum in each one. They will grow into nice plants during the summer, and in the autumn all you have to do is to dig out the wire 'pots' complete with plant, and stand them close together on the floor of the greenhouse. When the chrysanthemums have finished, you can clear them out and rig up a staging of some kind, then sow a batch of peas, broad beans, and sweet-peas in small pots, ready for planting out in the spring for early crops. Any tender garden plants, such as fuchsias, geraniums, and heliotrope, may be potted up and kept in the cold house for the winter. Another thing you might do is to dig up a root or two of mint, and either plant it where the tomatoes grew or put it into big pots. You will appreciate a few sprigs of early mint with your Easter lamb. There are one or two very important points to remember about wintering plants in a cold house. Keep them off the ground if possible, they are much better on a staging of some kind, or a shelf near the glass. Ventilate the house whenever you can, and keep the atmosphere dry and airy. Use very little water; in the depth of winter your plants will be better without any at all. If they are quite dry during hard weather, they are not nearly so likely to be killed by frost, but during very hard frosts an ordinary oil stove stood in the house will afford the necessary protection; mild frosts can be kept out by laying old curtains or newspapers over the plants.

In the spring you can, of course, do all sorts of things in the house till it is ready for the tomatoes again. Onions, peas and beans, early salads, and annual flowers can all be sown in boxes ready for planting out for early crops, and your fuchsias and geraniums can be started into growth again ready for their summer display.

So much, then, for the cold house, with its limited possibilities. Let us turn our attention now to the greenhouse or conservatory which can boast a little artificial warmth. The plants we grow under glass come from many parts of the world, with very different climatic conditions. So if you put them all together in one atmosphere some of them may be quite happy, but others will be entirely out of their element. I suggest that you should fill your greenhouse with plants which all require more or less the same climatic conditions; and if you have only one greenhouse I would strongly advise you to grow only the temperate plants. You require very little heat for them, and the less heat you use the less will be your troubles and difficulties. Before I discuss

the flowers themselves, here are one or two general principles to remember. Don't entirely close your house, except in the most inclement weather. Fresh air is of the utmost importance to growing plants, and during hot weather it is better to keep the house cool by ventilation than by too much heavy shading. At the same time, draughts are injurious and must be avoided. In warm dry weather, keep the atmosphere moist by throwing water on the floor, and by a moderate use of the syringe in the morning and late afternoon, but not during the heat of the sun. Water and feed the plants during active growth in spring and summer, but be very sparing with water during the winter.

Now I am going to suggest a few nice plants to grow in your temperate greenhouse. Perhaps you have a wall at the back of the house, or a pillar which you would like to cover with a climbing plant, so here are one or two to select from: *plumbago capensis*: this produces trusses of flowers of a delightful sky-blue colour, a really lovely flower. Plant it in the greenhouse border, or in a large tub, occasionally thin out the old weak shoots, and train the others where you want them, and it will give you endless pleasure. The Maréchal Niel rose is a very old favourite for the conservatory, there is no other rose with quite the same subtle perfume, and the soft yellow flowers appear more or less all the year round. Train it up the wall and keep the growth thinned out, it needs no special treatment. Another easy climber is *solanum jasminoides*: it grows very quickly, and bears bunches of white, potato-like flowers which are quite attractive. *Streptosolen jamesoni* is a lovely plant for training up a pillar or a wall; it bears masses of flowers, of a fascinating shade of orange.

Now a few tall-growing, permanent plants for tubs. The camellias are old-fashioned, but just as lovely as ever they were. *Eucalyptus citriodora* is an interesting plant: this is the lemon-scented eucalyptus, and is very different from the pungent variety which produces eucalyptus oil. The Himalayan rhododendrons make a fine show, and most of them are well worth growing, if only for their fragrance. Fuchsias are always popular, and they are so easy to grow that you should always have one or two about the house. A bush of myrtle is very sweet and pleasant; and the Indian azaleas provide a goodly display of colour.

Now for a few good things which you can grow easily yourself from seeds. Of the greenhouse primulas the obconica varieties are the most useful. Some of the older kinds used to irritate the skin of those who handled them, but most of the modern ones have got over that bad habit. The dainty little primula malacoides, in its delicate shades of mauve and lilac, is well worth growing; and both the malacoides and the obconicas will flower during the winter, if sown in the previous spring. Cinerarias are always popular in the spring, and can be had in nearly every colour of the rainbow. Sow them in July or August and keep them in fairly small pots during the winter, and mind you don't give them too much water. For a touch of blue, grow a few plants of *lobelia tenuior*; this has sprays of lovely bright blue flowers, and is quite easy to grow. A charming old-fashioned plant is the balsam, the double kinds are particularly nice. Another delightful old-fashioned plant is the coleus, which is grown for the lovely colours in its leaves. Many of the garden annuals can be grown quite successfully in pots. Clarkias, stocks, snapdragons, mignonette, marigolds, nemesias, and many others, will give you a fine display in spring, before those out of doors begin to appear.

Of course you will want to grow bulbs in pots for the early spring. Hyacinths, narcissi, crocuses, and others, are quite easy if you don't try to hurry them over much. Get them potted up now, and stand them out of doors, then cover them all over with a layer of ashes or leaves six inches deep, and let them remain there for at least a month to get well rooted. Then when you bring them into the greenhouse after Christmas they will be ready to get on with the flowering part of the business. Among the more delicate bulbous plants are the gorgeous *lilium auratum*, which will fill the house with wonderful perfume for several weeks. The white arum lilies, freesias, ixias and begonias all make a welcome show, and they rarely let you down.

All the plants I have mentioned are quite temperate and simple in their requirements, so keep your house on the cool side, rather than over warm, and, above all, keep it clean, and you will be surprised how easy it is to grow lovely flowers.

In view of the increasing interest taken by the public today in the possibilities of poultry-farming, a timely work has been undertaken by *The Feathered World* in publishing a simple, practical guide for the information of those who are thinking of taking up the pursuit commercially for the first time. The brochure is entitled *Starting Egg-Farming—Eh!* (price, 10d.; or 1s. post free), by J. Stephen Hicks and Bruff Jackson; it discusses very fully such questions as choice of site, capital required, methods of starting, and probable profits; diagrams and prices of houses are also included.

The Cinema

Vigour and Truth from British Studios

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

SINCE I last spoke before the microphone a new era in British films has with considerable feasting and merry-making been ushered in. A film called 'Rome Express', the first to be made in the new Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, has been unveiled at the Tivoli. It has been welcomed by everyone, including my humble self, as the greatest step forward technically in the history of British production, and one which brings us, if the same standard can be maintained, technically more or less level with Hollywood's average. 'Rome Express' is a melodrama, the action of which is played out during a train journey from Paris to Rome. A valuable painting has been stolen and the train is alive with people who want to gain possession of it, in addition to runaway lovers, a film star, a suburban golfing bore and, by some rare streak of luck, the head of the Paris Sûreté himself, who, when a murder is committed, is all ready to take charge of the investigation while the train still plunges on towards Rome. This was a difficult subject to photograph, and it has been photographed so well as to give almost one hundred per cent. conviction. The story has been worked out ingeniously, and the net result is a really good hour-and-a-quarter's entertainment. The second film from the new Shepherd's Bush studios, 'After the Ball', has come to join 'Rome Express' in the west end. This, too, is technically on a level with most of the Hollywood productions of the same type; it moves quickly, it is photographed with the hard brilliance that characterises the output of most American studios, it is acted and directed quite vivaciously. The story of a married woman, left alone too much by her husband, who goes to a masked ball at Geneva and carries flirtation with Basil Rathbone almost, but not quite, to danger-point, will be popular with a certain type of woman, but it is not one to commend itself greatly to the male consciousness. We have become so accustomed to those almost-naughty flirtation films that by this time there is no suspense in them for the regular film-goer, because he knows from the start that morality will come out on top. Still, once again we have to award the palm to the Gaumont-British people for making a film which is very good of its type.

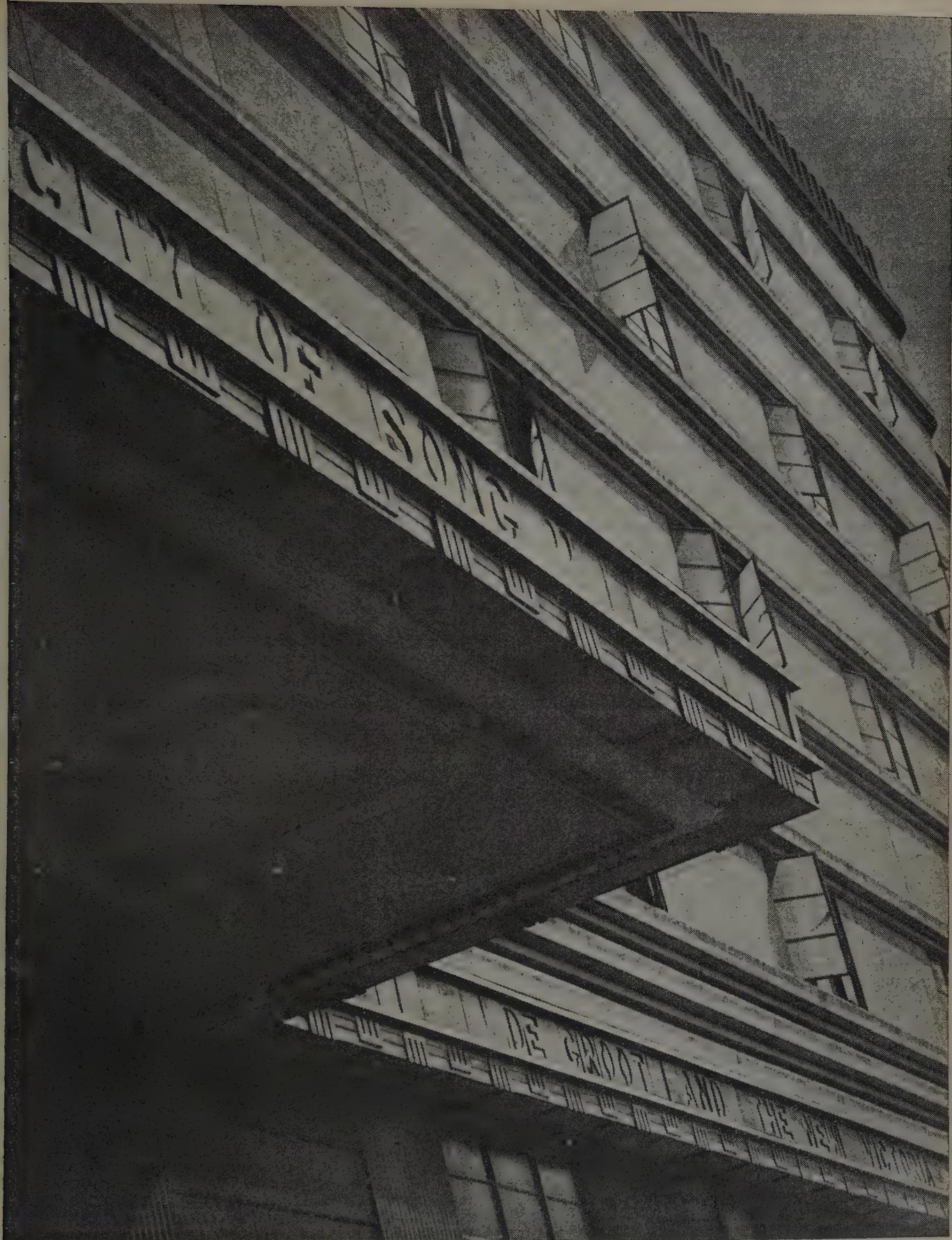
There has also been shown in the west end a humble little British film called 'Reunion'. It is like a sort of ugly duckling alongside of the grand Gaumont-British efforts, with their up-to-date lighting and luxuriously-upholstered sets. 'Reunion' is technically nil. It is poorly photographed and hit; it has about three or four tiny sets, and the sound recording and cutting are primitive. It was made at the so-called Sound City studios, which are in reality an old country mansion and grounds roughly converted for film use. Here is the story of 'Reunion'. An officer is demobilised after the War, together with the men who have served under him, and with hope in their hearts they face the world fit for heroes to live in. Fourteen years later, after the never-ceasing struggle against hopeless odds has nearly turned him into an old man, there comes an invitation to the officer to attend as guest of honour a reunion dinner of his regiment. Surrounded by creditors on all sides, the officer has two pounds and some silver with which to get his dress suit out of pawn and buy a ticket to London. Sitting again among his old comrades, who in the interim have been variously treated by fate, the officer knows happiness for the first time in years. An appeal is made by the chaplain for money for one of their comrades, not present at the dinner, who is up against it. The hat is passed round. The officer has to start the subscription. He has a pound and a few pennies in his pocket, a hundred or two miles between him and home, and no return ticket. He puts the pound in the hat, and walks out into the night. There is the story. It has been over-sentimentalised in places, and the nobility of the officer is at times, if you like, a little ridiculous. I would have liked to see him make some protest against a world that can treat him and his kind in the cruel way it does treat them. Still, something fairly closely approaching his type does undoubtedly exist. I should also have liked to see more characterisation of the other ex-soldiers at the reunion dinner. Chances for making 'Reunion' a really memorable picture have been missed all along the line. But I am here to testify that after having seen it and the two great Gaumont-British films in the space of a few days, 'Reunion' is the one that remains most clearly in my mind. There is a certain haunting quality about it for me because it has what neither of the big rival films has—honesty and sincerity. 'Rome Express' and 'After the Ball' are factory products—the former a particularly good factory product. 'Reunion' has something in it that comes from the heart. It is a British film, and it is not ashamed to be about England, about the England and the people of England that exist at this moment. It does not foster, as most American and British films today seem to be conspiring to foster, the fantastic illusion that everything in the world's garden is lovely, that there is really no depression, no unemploy-

ment, and that socially things are going forward from year to year without any particular change or prospect of change. In other words, 'Reunion' has some contact, however small, with life as audiences in the cinemas know it. I do not believe, and shall never be made to believe, that the public wants only and exclusively to be anaesthetized at the cinema. There is plenty of room for films like 'Rome Express', but there is room also for films that tell the truth, that portray characters and situations recognisable to people in the audience.

Let us look at the British situation frankly. We have at long last reached a point where we can compete with our foreign rivals in film technique. Until our studios inaugurate big departments for original technical experimenting, similar to those in Hollywood studios, we have nothing to be wildly proud of, but still, the fact remains that we have succeeded in at least becoming expert copyists. Having reached this point, for what purpose are we going to use our technical proficiency? For copying slavishly the kind of story material that has brought the American industry to its knees? In view of the huge losses of almost every American company today, are we going to accept Hollywood's gospel that everything which is true and vital is not 'what the public wants'? Or are we going to strike out on our own with a vigorous policy, facing squarely up to the facts of life as it is? The prospects for anything of the kind are far from bright. The production programme at the Shepherd's Bush studios consists mainly, I think I can say almost entirely, at present of whimsical musical comedies, farces and melodramas entirely divorced from England and life in England. As for the Empire, that of course is not even mentioned at all. Real life in England and the Empire is officially regarded by the head men of the studios as being drab—the same reason as is advanced in Hollywood concerning real life in America, though in spite of that, reality does at times creep in to the screen in American films. Far be it from me to attack the whimsical and unreal forms of entertainment. People want to be 'taken out of themselves' at the theatre and cinema, but entertainment can take you out of yourself without taking you out of life. By all means let whimsy and melodrama flourish on the screen, but when we do stray into realms connected with real life, let us look life squarely in the face.

It is no earthly use trying to fool the public about that which it knows. Consider the case of a new American film of the week called *American Madness*, which is at the Dominion. Since the first Wall Street crash hundreds and hundreds of American banks have failed, largely of course because they had their money invested in stocks that collapsed in value. In scores of cases it was shown that the directors of the banks had speculated wildly with depositors' money, with typical American capitalistic disregard of what might happen to the small man. The Hollywood firm of Columbia pictures decided to make a film about a run on a bank, in which the excellent gospel of keeping money in circulation and of faith in the small business man should be preached. They proceeded to concoct a story in which the run on the bank is caused by a small robbery, the extent of which is vastly exaggerated by malicious rumours so that depositors believe their money is no longer safe. When you get to the end of the film you find the moral to be that you ought to trust the bankers to do their utmost to prevent robberies. Now every American who sees the film knows that robberies in the strict sense of the word have nothing whatever to do with any of the current bank failures. But in its usual timid way Hollywood dared not tell the truth, dared not even suggest that bankers could possibly be anything more than, at the most, rather obstinate in withholding credits. What good does this Peter Pan attitude of the movies towards life do to anyone? It cannot hope to hide the truth, for the people who make up the audience are part of life and they know it anyway. As regards entertainment value, films lose rather than gain by such shilly-shallying. It seems a shame that such technical expertise as the Columbia people have been able to put into *American Madness* should not be harnessed to some worthier and more honest subject-matter. But American film-people have always tended to exaggerate the importance of technique. For my part, I very much prefer to see honest drama simply or indifferently photographed than a story like *American Madness* with all its slickness of production. Technique is, after all, only the frame work of the picture.

That matches may be made in a broadcasting studio as well as anywhere else is indicated by the announcement of the marriage between Elena Gerhardt, who was singing to British listeners only a fortnight ago during the B.B.C. Birthday Week, and Dr. Kohl, of the German Broadcasting organisation. Mme. Gerhardt and Dr. Kohl met for the first time in one of the studios at Savoy Hill two years ago.

*Cinema**Photograph, E. Heinemann*

A CONFERENCE to discuss the report of the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films was held in the Y.M.C.A., Colston Street, Bristol, on Saturday, November 26. Representatives of every interest in the city concerned in any way with the Cinema met representatives of educational and cultural interests, and, after a Film Display, Mr. A. C. Cameron, one of the Joint Honorary Secretaries on Educational and Cultural Films, gave an address. Councillor Walter Bryant, a former Lord Mayor of Bristol, was Chairman, and he stressed the fact that the standards of entertainment were as important as the standards of edu-

cation. Mr. Cameron made it clear that the Commission was not concerned with censorship, but desired to make it possible for more people to see better films, and for the instructional use of films to be developed. Mr. J. H. Nicholson, of Bristol University, said that the cinematograph had made possible a new art-form. Colonel Lennard spoke of the importance of exercising control over the films shown to native peoples in mandated territories. Resolutions approving of the establishment of a National Film Institute, and the establishment of a local organisation to co-operate with the Film Commission were carried.

Consider Your Verdict—VIII

The King v. Magwich

THE CASE: The prisoner Magwich wrote and published, under the heading 'Profiteer's passing' in his own paper the *Ragton Recorder*, the following passage: 'The death of Mr. Joseph Bosser deprives the town of its richest profiteer. He served his country during and after the War by taking large and excessive profits alike from the Government and from private purchasers of his goods. He leaves behind him a family who, curiously enough, are seeking to emulate the life of the "Upper Ten" with the aid of the ill-gotten gains of this upstart profiteer'. Magwich is prosecuted for Criminal Libel.

COMMENTS: Apart from the judge's summing-up, when we were reminded that bad taste is no more a crime than bad manners or bad grammar, and heard an entertaining description of the events leading up to Mr. Bosser's collision with the law, the actual passage complained of was the most interesting part of this trial. Let us congratulate the one who so skilfully strung together this bundle of clichés. This obituary notice is a very convincing piece of journalism. For the rest I found this case comparatively dull. The prosecution, we were told, had to satisfy us, the jury, upon four points. First, that the prisoner published the words. That is admitted. Secondly, we must be satisfied that the words were defamatory of the dead man. That the phrase 'profiteer' not only carries with it a social stigma but, since the Act of 1919, denotes a criminal offence, counsel for the defence admitted with almost startling readiness. Thirdly, we have to be sure that the prisoner Magwich intended to injure the living family of the deceased. I believe the jury would have no difficulty in concluding that the last and choicest of the sentences appearing in the *Ragton Recorder* would not only annoy the surviving Bossers but be likely to do their standing very serious harm. The language is not, as counsel for Magwich tried to convince us, merely 'picturesque'. It is both offensive and damaging. The fourth point on which the prosecution must convince us is that it was the sort of publication which is likely to cause a breach of the peace. It is pretty safe to say that most male members of the jury would exclaim, if they were

relations of the dead, 'Let me find the author of those words and I'll give him something fresh to write about'. Precisely the same emotions have been stirred in the breasts of men whose dead fathers have been insulted. Mr. Frank Bosser, the eldest son of the deceased, exactly fulfilled that presumption. What right had counsel for the defence to say that Frank's bark was worse than his bite? We are back to the old principle that a man is presumed to intend the natural consequence of his deliberate actions. Magwich might well have had a thrashing if he had run into Frank Bosser soon after the publication.

But supposing we admit the *prima facie* case for the prosecution, we now come to the details of the defence. The prisoner's defence is twofold. He says the words were true and were published for the public benefit. All that can be said against Joseph Bosser without fear of successful contradiction is that he was once convicted in 1919 of the criminal offence of profiteering. That solitary conviction is not enough, of itself, to justify Magwich in implying that Bosser's whole system of business was based upon profiteering. The judge said with absolute correctness, 'We do not know and you are not entitled to speculate'. The prisoner must also prove that it was for the public benefit that this particular 'truth' should be published. This is a grotesque plea. Bosser had not been a great public figure. He was merely a rich man. Wealth by itself is no distinction: it may not even confer power, if its owner is a fool in all except the capacity for money-making. It is as well to remember that, just as mere lying is an offence, it can be a crime to tell the truth provided that utterance serves no public advantage. The judge expressed this fact very attractively. 'Truth, after all, members of the jury, like all other good things, may be loved unwisely, may be pursued too keenly, may cost too much'. Prosecutions for libels on the dead are not frequent, still less frequently do they succeed. But I hope that enough has been said in this case to show that the jury are legally justified in convicting Magwich for perpetrating a thoroughly dirty trick.

VVYVAN ADAMS

The English Jury System

The second in the series of debates on the Law took place on November 30 between Mr. R. C. K. Ensor and Professor Edward Jenks on the motion 'That the Jury System Needs Reform'

IN PROPOSING the motion, Mr. R. C. K. Ensor said that as he thought no one could regard any human institution as being incapable of reform, he would try to indicate particular directions which he considered reforms should follow. The main issue he wanted to raise was whether a British subject should always have a right to have civil actions at common law tried by a jury, or whether the court should have power, irrespective of his wishes, to order a case to be tried by a judge. Criminal juries undoubtedly had their uses and saved the criminal courts from hardening too much into a routine of their own: under varying forms it was an institution almost universal in Europe outside Russia. But there was no such unanimity about employing juries in civil cases. He believed that civil juries in Europe were confined to the British Isles. Even in England a jury had never been allowed in every civil case. Until 1854 there had been no juries in Chancery, and no alternative to a jury in common law. Developments since then had tended to the adoption of the non-jury method in courts of common law, though cases could always be tried by jury if either party wished. During the War, temporary Acts deprived litigants of the right to a jury in all but specified cases where moral stigma was involved, and this procedure lasted till 1925, when the pre-War system was reverted to.

He objected to civil juries because they increased the cost of trials and because, for an unprejudiced and intelligent finding on facts, a jury was inferior to a judge. He would like us to revert to the system abandoned in 1925 (which was fully possible under the new Rules of Procedure introduced last May), and use juries in civil cases only where a moral stigma was involved. In criminal trials the prisoner should always have a jury if he demanded it, but, in view of the demoralising effect of trial by jury, why should prisoners in criminal cases not have the option of being tried summarily on all charges except homicide?

Professor Edward Jenks, opposing the motion, said that the necessity of proving the guilt of an accused person to the satisfaction of a jury had made our system of criminal justice the most humane in the world. In civil law, there were obviously private lawsuits unfitted for trial by jury. He admitted, too, that it was annoying for a man to be kept unwillingly from his work for several days in order to serve on a jury; but it would be simple to introduce a reform whereby there should be no compulsion in the matter if the potential juror objected.

But these minor disadvantages of the jury system were outweighed by the conspicuous example it gave of the co-operation between the State and the average citizen which was so striking a feature of English government. Every jury did its work under the guidance of a skilled representative of the State. The judge had to explain to the jurors the law applicable in the case, and see that the evidence presented to them was not mere rumour or prejudice, thus educating them in the process of right reasoning and in the common law. The fact that the jurors were average men and women enabled them to apply with fairness to particular cases the rigid standards of the law. The marked difference between the attitude of the English-speaking peoples and of most other peoples towards the laws of their countries, was due to the humane element introduced into English tribunals by the jury system. One of the most striking characteristics of English law, particularly English common law, was that it had been built up largely by a careful observation of the rules voluntarily observed by average decent-minded citizens in the daily conduct of their affairs. The authoritative exponents of the common law were those very judges under whose control trials by jury in civil cases took place: and much of the valuable material from which judges built up the common law was derived from the verdicts of the juries in civil cases. He instanced Lord Mansfield, who laid the foundations of modern English commercial law in his long collaboration with London juries, and this co-operation of the trained specialist with the practical man was only an illustration of a process continually taking place.

One of the most complete and decisive examinations of the problem of international debts yet published has reached us from the Brookings Institution, Washington. It is of special interest, at the moment when America and Britain are face to face with the problem in its most acute aspect, to read the conclusion arrived at by Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, the two eminent authors of this study, *War Debts and World Prosperity*. 'A complete obliteration of all reparations and war debt obligations', they pronounce, 'would promote, rather than retard world economic prosperity. The collection of these inter-governmental debts would be economically detrimental, rather than beneficial to the creditor countries'. The British Note itself could not have put the point more cogently.

Points from Letters

Wheat or Rye?

Possibly others in addition to Mr. Jenkins have asked themselves why no account is taken nowadays of the possibility of reviving the large-scale cultivation of rye in this country. At present it is grown on a very limited scale, partly as a forage crop and partly for the sake of its grain and straw. A market can occasionally be found for the straw, for its length and pliability give it some value for such purposes as thatching and packing fragile goods. But it is difficult to find a market for more than a small quantity of its grain. Bread can, of course, be made from it, but the outstanding fact about rye bread is that the English race long ago decided that they had no manner of use for it.

The history of the decline of rye consumption in this country is curious and in some respects puzzling. In manorial times, at all events on the light land areas on which the crop thrives especially well, rye bread was the staple food of the serfs, that is, of the majority of the population. Their lords, however, ate wheaten bread, whilst the reeves, who linked the two classes together, made use of a carefully specified blend of the two cereals in their loaves. Naturally enough the view has been advanced that the use of rye was thus an obvious mark of inferiority, and as such it was resented. But it may be doubted whether there is much truth in the suggestion. A more probable explanation is to be found in the fact that ryebread has a characteristic and pronounced flavour. To those who eat bread in small quantities this is a pleasant feature—as a change. But those who have to consume a loaf daily, to whom bread is literally the staff of life, tire of it. The whole tendency is for the foods which form the bulk of any nation's diet to become tasteless. Thus modern wheats, if compared with those of a half-century ago, are found to be almost lacking in flavour. The same is true of potatoes to such an extent that if one requires any with the characteristic potato flavour one has to grow them. Rice and maize, I am told, show the same tendency. So, wherever agricultural or other circumstances allow wheat and rye to come into competition with one another, wheat always wins. Whether such a campaign as Mr. Jenkins suggests would alter the public taste in bread, is problematical. A strenuous attempt was made a few years ago to bring about a far simpler change, namely, the substitution of a whole-meal loaf for the loaf made from normal wheaten flour. It failed dismally, for the public has, rightly or wrongly—it matters nothing to the farmer—made up its mind about the type of bread it is going to consume.

Cambridge

R. W. BIFFEN

Farmers' Difficulties

Mr. A. J. Hosier's talk in THE LISTENER of November 23 suggests points of varying import. As to the labour-saving of having a man and a boy to look after 4,000 fowls in their 160 houses, how does this consort with the problem of getting more labourers on the land? And the prospect of dairy-and-fowl farming from 5 a.m. winter and summer, week-days and Sundays, is not alluring. He does not commend the Wheat Quota as a permanent assistance to arable farming; still, for good or ill, an attention to wheat crops for the next few years will answer the grower's purpose, as also the working of the sugar beet does, notwithstanding that Mr. Hosier thinks these financial regulations have done definite harm in some directions. There is an aim now to raise meat wholesale prices, keeping at the same time the import duty on feeding stuffs. I know a farmer and his son, in the West of England, who differ on these matters; they live, too, in the same home. The father grew the corn and called for a tax on imported cereals and flour; the son was an importer of these very things and supplied all the farmers round about with cheap feeding stuffs at, say, half the cost of supplying from our English fields. Herein lies the difficulty.

The fall of meat prices in all markets for the last fifteen months has been unprecedented. Only on one day last autumn (1931) did the price reach 56s. per cwt. live weight beef; that was at Exeter, and Exeter seems to be one of our best markets. During the last six months prices went down until whole weeks went by with such market prices well below 40s., the best English beef in the best markets going for 4d. per lb. For the last few weeks prices have tended upward, to 44s. per cwt. as the maximum. We do not like to hear, as has been the case, that the Birmingham bacon-pig price has been down a good deal below 6d. a pound. The farmer cannot bargain, or himself fix a price; he must take the market price; and that is further influenced by the fact that the supply is superabundant, more plentiful than we need or can consume; at the same time there are multitudes who have not even wherewith to buy, so that for all reasons the demand is lower than the supply, and hence cheap commodities. Then, Mr. Hosier says: 'What does it matter if the foreigner gives us the grain? It will help to produce cheap eggs and bacon, and there is no reason why we cannot produce all the poultry, eggs, and pig products we require'. But there is reason, and that is in the reason of labour costs and profits: If it is true that in

America one man can manage 1,200 acres of wheat with, at harvest, one extra, how is the English farm to compete with that? The writer well remembers 'good old days' with fifteen men in a harvest on a 600-acre farm in East Anglia. A system of small-holdings may be planned, but the cost may proclaim it uneconomic. 'Why should we spend £350,000,000 on foodstuffs when we have millions of acres derelict and millions of people out of work?' Because we cannot produce at a wage which will secure a profit to the capital that is put into it. When it is said that, 'Wheat-growing will absorb such and such labour', who is going to pay the working of it? As yet, no individual, no party, can solve the difficulty.

Thetford

'EAST ANGLIAN'

Practical Value of Spinoza's Teaching

It is a pity that in his article on Spinoza Professor Wolf did not lay more stress on the immense practical value—especially in this materialistic and science-ridden age—of Spinoza's teaching, particularly that of his *Ethica*. Any lover of that work (it is a book one does learn to love) would probably support my contention that very many of the intellectually inclined but disillusioned and sceptical young would, in reading it, find not only inspiration, but a way of life—and even perhaps some useful occupation in unemployment. The path to freedom that he advocates is based on no anthropomorphic conception of God and the universe, but on a thorough-going determinism, combined with a profound and sympathetic insight into man's understanding and emotions, and much exceedingly practical counsel for their better cultivation and control. His ideal of freedom has much in common with Professor Macmurray's—both show the influence of the teaching of Jesus; but with the former the path is more rational and therefore more satisfying to those whose faith in their intellect has destroyed all other faith.

If anybody beginning the *Ethica* is put off by the difficulty of the first part, he would probably do best to read first the prefaces and appendices to the several parts.

Sennen

K. G. COLLIER

The World's Armaments

On page 735 of THE LISTENER of November 23 you give a pictorial diagram of the population and armaments of the world's largest countries.

The total effective forces, which have also to protect the colonial possessions, are taken, very justly, as the basis of the calculations. But if this is so for Great Britain, it must be equally so for the other countries, the real criterion being the extent of the frontiers to be protected. Therefore, the corresponding unit to the British Empire is not the France with 41 million inhabitants, but the French Empire with its 100 million inhabitants—or, in the case of Italy, the Italian Empire.

Paris

R. GERBER

Judaism and Christianity

I cannot ignore Mr. Samuel's direct challenge, though it is difficult to believe that a single one of your readers will be interested in this letter or, if Mr. Samuel will forgive me, in his. I find it ironical that his letter should have appeared immediately after my reference to the Society of Jews and Christians where, in a higher spirit, Jews and Christians can learn from each other and seek each other's good. Literally, *les extrêmes se touchent*.

It is quite superfluous to weary readers with a detailed examination of all Mr. Samuel's proof texts. I will take the first as a sample. He appears to base his belief in Christianity on the alleged prophecy of a virgin birth in Isaiah vii. If he will turn to any modern standard commentary he will find his answer. The most accessible is the Cambridge Bible, and in that series Isaiah has been edited by the late Dr. Skinner, whose scholarship and whose Christianity will hardly be questioned. Dr. Skinner's exhaustive note on this difficult passage ends with the words 'on the philological question the Jews were right' (p. 64). And if philology does not convince Mr. Samuel, he will find on p. 61 that Dr. Skinner definitely rejects the Matthean and patristic interpretation on which Mr. Samuel relies. But perhaps Dr. Skinner's orthodoxy and scholarship fail to satisfy Mr. Samuel, who may prefer the conservative exegesis. Well, if Mr. Samuel is delving back into the discarded past, let him look to Kimhi, ibn Ezra, Troki and others. I do not cite them: the world has moved on; such arguments and counter-arguments are outworn. No doubt Christians applied the words of Isaiah to Jesus: that was and is legitimate in hymnology. What is wrong is to pretend that Isaiah had Jesus in mind when he wrote.

I need not repeat what I said in my talks about our attitude to Christianity: it does not differ from the attitude of mutual respect and recognition of Judaism exhibited by the best Christians. True religion is universalistic and does not claim the monopoly of salvation. I would remind Mr. Samuel that his Master said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions'.

Mr. Samuel literally does hold that when Christianity arose all the good Jews became Christians and that those who did not become Christians were not good. Most people, Jews and Christians alike, agree that there may occasionally be spiritual misfits and that a change, based on sincere conviction, may be desirable. Everyone has the greatest respect for Jews like the late Daniel Chwolson or the late Rev. George Margoliouth, who became Christians. They did not vilify their former faith nor seek to justify their new. Nearly all the disputations and sermons which were forced on the Jews in the Middle Ages were prompted by converts and resulted in untold harm and bitterness. Readers of Browning's 'Holy Cross Day' will remember that Gregory XVI, a century ago, abolished what the poet calls 'this bad business'. Mr. Samuel is more Catholic than the Pope. He has provoked me into writing this utterly useless letter simply because he wants to prove to us Jews that he had good reason for becoming a Christian. That surely is a private matter and devoid of public interest. But when he goes on to say that only those are real Jews who have ceased to be Jews, then he appeals to the Nationalist argument of race that Judaism rejects. I do not claim Marx, Disraeli and Herschell, etc., as Jews, even though this sacrifice compels me to lose Mr. Samuel also.

Cambridge.

HERBERT LOEWE

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

Affections of Speech

As an old person approaching eighty, I wonder if you would allow me a few words on the strange fashion in vocabulary among the present generation? When I hear a man in the street use words such as 'bloody' and 'swine,' I excuse him on the score of want of education. But when I hear educated persons, and even students from Oxford and Cambridge, using this same monotonous and hideous language, with no more sense nor aptness than the man in the street, I cannot help wondering at such a strange affectation. Do these people, I wonder, know their Shakespeare and their Keats? Perhaps they do not realise how an exquisite line of poetry, or even the perfect word in its inevitable place, can awaken in the heart of the old an illusion of vigour and youth really gone for ever, and give an exquisite happiness. It would be worth their while to lay up this treasure for their age, instead of blunting their literary sense by a foolish affectation.

Arundel Gardens, W.11

MARGARET A. REDFERN

The Attack on Einstein

It has fallen to my lot so often to be criticised, and not unseldom with little fairness, that I refrain from replying when the matter touches me only personally; but in regard to my book, *The Case Against Einstein*, there is an interest, even a national interest, far outside my particular feelings. I beg, therefore, that you will allow me a word or two in reference to the review by Dr. A. S. Russell, in which there are certain errors of fact apart from those of opinion.

The national interest of which I speak refers to the detriment produced in the minds of young students of science by this theory of relativity, which indeed has devastated the intellects of some famous professors. Within a generation or two professors, equally liable to aberration, will look back with wonderment on their predecessors, who had preached this doctrine without comprehending it, and had spoken, in the true style of the pre-Galilean Schoolmen, of mass turning into velocity, time and space coalescing, of the curvature of space, and of all phenomena, even those of an essentially discontinuous kind, being due to the singularities of a Space-Time continuum. Speaking to a practical people I would suggest the estimation in sheer money value of the waste of brain power involved in the attempt to fix a meaning on these conceptions.

As to corrections of fact: I have not been unduly influenced by French mathematicians, if only because I have rejected all authority and relied entirely on my own cogent and rigorous arguments. I have referred to mathematicians to whom the Einsteinists have appealed for authority, and I have cited, on the whole, more German mathematicians than French. None of these citations are irrelevant. I have criticised some of the disciples of Einstein because, whereas Einstein himself often disdains to offer reasons and reaches remote conclusions at a jump, his faithful followers have filled in the gaps, and piously revealed the futility of the whole argument.

There are not four experiments on which the theory rests. There is only one, the Michelson-Morley experiment, the interpretation of which made the marvel and gave the vogue to the whole Relativity theory. I have shown from considerations more deeply based and more rigorous and consecutive in reasoning than Einstein's, that his explanations lead to logical contradiction, while there is available an experiment consistent with what we know already of the ether. The other so-called experi-

ments cited by Dr. Russell are 'simply observations' of natural phenomena of which the theory of relativity claims to give a more exact account. Its determinations are not accurate; and if they were entirely accurate, I would still say that they were not verifications of the theory, for the reasonings by which the relativists arrive at these determinations form the most unscientific chapter, whether on the mathematical or the physical side, that I have ever encountered in my reading of serious works. The discoveries which Dr. Russell cites are not due to the theory of relativity; and, having looked into the history of this subject, I have been fairly astonished to see him make such a claim.

He says that I do not suggest the return to Newton; I do not, and for the reason that there is nothing in relativity which should have ever justified a departure from Newton in the special matters here considered. A preference of the undulatory theory of light to that of Newton's corpuscular theory belongs to another sphere. Finally, it is not I but the Einsteinists who seek to support themselves by authority; I build on the fact that in every domain, and by the sheer force of rigorous scientific demonstration, I have destroyed the basis of this fantastic theory.

Haverstock Hill, N.W. 3

ARTHUR LYNCH

How the Mind Works

In THE LISTENER of November 16, Professor Burt states that the expression on the face is far more trustworthy than the structure of the face. I suggest we are on much safer ground if we study the structure of the face and then seek a mental relationship. For instance, a square face is a good masculine type and masculine traits go with it. The size, shape and angle of the nose have each an indication of different mental powers, as the size and shape of the chin a relation to will. Eye and skin colour, length or shortness of the neck, the pitch of the ears, and the facial angle—all these physical factors tell the observer something definite, quite apart from expression. The first we are born with, the second we acquire, and for a more reliable interpretation of the individual I would, I think, sooner depend on nature, and less so on nurture. To me there is a distinct difference between temperament, which is the sum total of one's natural endowments, and character, which is formed as the result of the use of those powers.

In the same issue Dr. Burt stated that the psychologist is 'quite convinced' that the real way to sum up character is by the mental and not the physical signs. 'Judge mental characteristics by mental symptoms, not by physical'. Pending the definition suggested, this is a loose statement. I suggest that mind and body are related, that structure and function go together, and that most often a person's physical aspect is a pretty good index to the mind or mental aspect, as expression indicates its condition.

In the issue for November 23, page 742, there is mention of a possibility that we possess more than the five ordinary senses. Nearly twenty years ago I first heard of at least nine—four more than we credit ourselves with—besides extra-sensual powers. When the late J. Lionel Tayler was lecturing on these subjects he explored the domain of psychology pretty widely, and modern students still seem a very long way behind. For instance, how many people can state with certainty what is their dominant sense, and its significance in psychology and education? If we were to work on this one aspect a new impulse might be given to the study of psychology.

I hope Professor Burt will forgive this intrusion, but, like himself, I believe the understanding of the mind points the way to the solution of many social problems.

Upton Park, E. 13

HARRY SALMON

Liberty in the Soviet Republic

In the debate on 'This B.B.C.' I was surprised to hear Lord Allen make the sweeping statement that 'Russian education and Russian everything else is the most unqualified negation of liberty anywhere in the world'. For I find it difficult to believe that anyone who had made a serious study of Russia today with an open mind could be responsible for such a misleading assertion. I think it must be generally agreed that just as the first necessity for walking is that the legs should be untied, so the wholesale 'liquidation of illiteracy' which is an integral part of the Five Year Plan is a *sine qua non* and first step towards the development of mental freedom. Further, it is well known to educationists that with regard to discipline in schools Russia has gone to extremes in her reaction against authority. The teacher has been kept in the background while the children have been a law unto themselves. The recent decree that the teacher should take a more prominent part in the direction of school affairs serves only to prove my point, and the well-authenticated accounts of children teaching not only their grandmothers but their elders generally suggests that youth, at least, is not suffering from repression! Whether or not it is true that the position of women in a country is a reliable index of its level of civilisation, since they constitute roughly one half of the adult population, it is obvious that no estimate of the relative liberty of the citizens

can be made without taking account of women's status. And here we have to admit that Russian women have achieved legal, political, social and economic equality with men. To enumerate only four points: No woman is disqualified by sex or marriage from remunerative work, and in the event of pregnancy one to two months' leave of absence with pay is granted; there is universally equal pay with men for equal work; divorce can be had at the request of either party on *equal* terms and without recourse to adultery; information on birth control is given free by the State.

In the case of the male worker we find amazing mobility of labour (asserted by Sidney Webb to be one of the stumbling-

blocks to the success of the Five Year Plan); a minimum of a fortnight's holiday with pay; free medical services; and an extraordinary freedom to criticise working conditions which the 'wall newspaper' in every factory attests. The three million British working-men walking the streets unemployed in a world of plenty might well be excused for wondering what virtue lies in the freedom to become the 'scrap' of the industrial machine in a capitalist world. Could we blame them if they weighed the 'destructive, deadly confusion' of competition in the balance against the 'order and design' of the Soviet system and found the former wanting?

Arcadian Gardens, N.22

EVELYN M. SMITH

Training Centres for the Unemployed

By J. R. PASSMORE

I SUPPOSE everyone realises that many of the unemployed have been out of a job for so long that they have become unfit for steady, continuous work under ordinary industrial conditions. It was with the object of helping these men to regain their physical and mental fitness that the Ministry of Labour set up, in 1929, special Instructional Centres. There are now eleven of these centres, ten residential, where the men live in hutments provided by the Department, and one non-residential where the men live in lodgings. All the men come from districts in which unemployment is most severe, such as the North-East Coast, South Wales, Lancashire. The men, who are mainly single, are chosen by the Employment Exchanges from among those who are most in need of reconditioning and who are most likely to benefit from it.

To give you some idea of the training and life, I will describe a typical centre. Picture to yourselves a beautiful stretch of rolling countryside dotted with areas of forest and, on the edge of a wood, a hutment camp in which two hundred men live a communal life. The site is near to large areas of land bought by the Forestry Commission for afforestation. Before the planting of trees can begin, there is a lot of preliminary work to be done—clearing, draining and roadmaking; and it is on such work that the men at this typical centre are mainly engaged. No one is being deprived of a job by the men in training, because none of the work would be put in hand at the present time but for the existence of the centre.

When men from South Wales or Durham or Lancashire arrive at the camp they find awaiting them a warm welcome and a good square meal. They are then interviewed by the manager and the routine of the camp is explained to them. The next day they are given light work. Some are put to clear undergrowth with the billhook or slasher; others are, for a time, employed in the grounds, workshops or educational classes. In the workshops instruction is given in rough carpentry, metal work and boot and shoe repairing. The men repair their own lockers, make gates or other articles needed on the estate or in the camp. They are taught to sharpen and to repair their picks, shovels, spades and other tools, and to repair their working boots. A pair of boots and a pair of working trousers are given to each man on arrival. In the educational classes, instruction is given in the theory of the work on which the men are engaged on the estate or in the workshops: for example, simple mensuration and the principles of road construction are included in the time-table.

It is found that after a few weeks of this life the men improve so much physically and in other ways that they can then tackle harder work, such as land drainage, shoring and trenching, quarrying and roadmaking, that is, such work as they would have to do in ordinary employment; and, when their twelve weeks' course is ended, most of the men are once more fit to take their place in a job and to hold their own side by side with those who have been in regular work. There is a working day of eight hours, with four on Saturday; afterwards the men are free, and opportunities for recreation are provided—organised outdoor and indoor games, concerts, entertainments, and physical jerks. There is a welfare officer whose duty it is to organise these activities and to look after the general welfare of the men. Everything

possible is done to foster the 'team' spirit both in work and in play.

Towards the end of each man's course efforts are made to find a job for him. If one is found he is sent to it direct from the centre; if no suitable job is available, he is returned to his home. Up to the present, over eighty per cent. of the men who stayed out the twelve weeks have been placed in employment. Until recently the numbers in training were limited to the probable number of jobs available; but this limitation no longer exists and, accordingly, it is unlikely that this high percentage of placings can be maintained. But even where the man has to be sent home, the training has been well worth while. Life at the centre, with its discipline, regular hours, good food, and hard work, quickly brings about a great improvement in his general condition, so that, even if the training course should not prove to be the direct avenue to a job, it is of real benefit to him. It is generally realised that if employment is not available, then occupation of some kind must be found for as many as possible of the unemployed, and for the limited time possible, these centres solve the problem in



Unemployed men at a training centre engaged in forestry work

By courtesy of the Ministry of Labour

providing work that is of permanent value to the community. Moreover, training courses break up a long period of idleness, definitely check deterioration, and provide unemployed men with the physical and mental fitness necessary for a new start. The cost of the training is met by the Government, but a man in receipt of unemployment pay is required to contribute a weekly sum towards the cost of board and lodging at the centre.

The Instructional Centres are only one of many different types of centre conducted by the Ministry of Labour for the benefit of the unemployed. Boys and girls are given training in Junior Instruction Centres through the agency of the Local Education Authorities, training for women in hostels is conducted by the Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment, while the Ministry directly controls other centres for training men in skilled trades and in physical jerks. The Training Department of the Ministry has already trained one hundred thousand disabled men, fifty-five thousand women, sixty thousand unemployed men for employment in this country, and ten thousand men for employment on the land in Canada and Australia.

Travellers' Tales

Argentine Tango. By Philip Guedalla. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

Northern Lights. By F. Spencer Chapman. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Tiger-Man. By Julian Duguid. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Kabluk of the Eskimos. By Lowell Thomas. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

The Way of the Lancer. By R. Boleslavski and H. Woodward. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

Wings Over Poland. By K. M. Murray. Appleton. 15s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

I HOPE nobody will think I mean to be rude if I give the books before me the general title of 'travellers' tales'. I ask you to remember, with all solemnity, that I am not supposed to discuss fiction. The travellers' tales are true tales—I am not disputing that—but for all that they involve very different angles or attitudes towards truth, and the truth that I particularly wish to discuss.

Mr. Philip Guedalla, who describes a visit to South America, has given it the rather curious title of *Argentine Tango*, but then Mr. Guedalla's titles often have more in them than meets the eye, and this last, in conjunction with a former one, involves the question that I should like to put first of all. It is a question about different types of travel; of adventure and even of conquest. Mr. Guedalla, who has an admirable sense of humour, called his book about a visit to the United States by the mock-heroic title of *Conquistador*. We all know that 'conquistador' means conqueror, but was specially applied to those great Spanish soldiers who discovered and annexed Latin America. The notion of Mr. Guedalla going forth all alone to conquer modern America is a joke that he thoroughly enjoyed himself, but now that he is describing that very Southern America which the conquistadors really conquered, he does not compare himself to a conqueror, but only to somebody dancing the tango. This does not mean that Mr. Guedalla really hopped and pirouetted up the main streets of Buenos Aires any more than the other meant that he really marched into Boston armed to the teeth and took it by fire and sword; but it does mean a real

difference, which I frankly think is this—that he had an ironic sense of understanding the United States, and so dealt with the subject firmly, while he really has a sense of not understanding South America and so deals with it lightly. In short, he means that North America was spread before him like a campaign, but South America only led him a dance. But he advances one view that does concern us in this survey. He is annoyed with the French for claiming kinship with Latin America, and maintains the paradox that the Spaniards are not Latins. 'What had Rome to do with South America?' he says. I should reply that Rome had very much to do with it, but this is exactly what leads us on to the study of these books as a whole. Now, to understand six books so different as these, I think we must first grasp that there are two kinds of adventure and expansion, and especially two kinds of Empire. Both have virtues and vices; do not let us quarrel about that. Let us simply realise the difference. The first Empire is like that of the English, which started for the sake of trade and travel and adventure. The nobler types of Englishmen have done it for fun; the less estimable have done it for piracy. But its main mark was that unless it was playing the pirate for practical and exceptional reasons it left people alone. It did not try to change their religion or culture or customs. Now the other type of Empire did. If you like it you can call it a missionary—if you don't like it you can call it a persecutor. But it had this virtue, that if it imposed a new civilisation it admitted all the natives into that civilisation. It was less tolerant, but it was less exclusive. Let us keep this distinction in mind.

The first and freshest sort of English expansion is well represented by books of Arctic travel, such as the very full account of the Arctic Air Route Expedition in *Northern Lights*, by F. Spencer Chapman. Though very detailed it is very interesting, at least to me, for ever since I was a boy reading about ice was almost as good as eating ices. It really has the feeling of something good to eat, and I gloat over the Arctic menu here given that begins with bear's tongue soup. Now, in

this sort of book we see clearly the first type of travel. You cannot build an English village at the North Pole, nor train whales and walruses in English social manners. On the other hand the English temper shows itself in the fact that the explorers are mostly kind to the dogs and tolerably kind to the Eskimos, but on the whole rather more at home with the dogs. An Englishman certainly would not torture Eskimos to turn them into Wesleyan Methodists, but neither would the Englishman take an Eskimo home with him to marry his sister or join the golf-club. I repeat, this type is tolerant but exclusive. Now, South American Patagonians are quite as funny as Eskimos, for giants and dwarfs are both monsters. But Spain did make the South Americans Spanish. Spain did not only found a Spanish Empire but a Spanish civilisation. The South American Indian did become a South American, if sometimes by persecution. The North American Indian was not persecuted into being an American citizen; he was shot at sight for not being an American citizen. That is the bad side of thinking Eskimos funny. You can take your choice, but that is the choice. In religion, for instance, we were tolerant in India, and Spain intolerant in South America. But if Spain were sunk in the sea tomorrow, the Argentine would still be Spanish, but if we were to leave India tomorrow, God alone knows what India would be.

Now, oddly enough, there are two other books on these two same countries, South America and the Arctic. They represent another angle—that of the white man who 'goes native', the man of our culture who

likes to live in the other culture. And though, of course, there are examples to the contrary, I think it rather significant that of these two men who 'went native', neither was an Englishman. The Englishman who goes native loses too much. It is part of the honest English compromise that the Eskimo may go on being an Eskimo but the Englishman must go on being an Englishman. In the book called *Tiger-Man*, by Julian Duguid, the hero is a Latvian, a Slav, with all that almost colourless adaptability in language and culture that we find in the Russian. In the other case, a very interesting sketch called *Kabluk of the Eskimos*, by Lowell Thomas, the hero is a Frenchman, who actually came out of his curious Arctic hermitage to fight for his country in the Great War. Mr. Guedalla may be thus reassured that there are other kinds of Frenchmen besides French politicians, who are indeed almost outcasts in France. There is a curious difference in the tone of the Latvian and the Frenchman, perhaps similar to the difference between the flashes, glimpses and ambushes of the tropical jungle, seen in a series of snapshots, and the silver serenity and shining emptiness of the Arctic landscape. The Tiger Man has impressions which I sometimes fancy are hasty and prejudiced, the impressions men gain who dash and dart hither and thither, while the Frenchman is on the edge of all the ultimate philosophies, and living, as it were, in the light.

But as I have taken Mr. Guedalla's title as a sort of text, running through this summary, I would not have it thought for a moment that I deny the real common sense in what he says. There is undoubtedly a great deal of nonsense talked about race, and a great deal of nonsense about the Latin race as well as about the Nordic race or the Teutonic race. It is most dangerous nonsense when it denies the real differences that history and human will and choice have made between nations. Anyone who has come from Castilian cathedrals to find himself on the white turrets of Carcassonne knows how different is the Spanish from the French mind, whether or no Mr. Guedalla is right in

Midnight

The moon is widely ringed and rainbowed in,
—fog on the water if we were at sea—
but now it only seems the inland soil
is moving with a seasonal low surge.
Passion that wastes itself in fear, fever
of thought denying action, has no place
here, where the sap weighs in the hazel buds,
the earth sighs in the heavy grass, the body
of the world at entire rest, soul with soul.
Bat things that flicker across the instant sense,
how will you chirp us out of this content?
The universal zones here girdle us
with essence undivided: our whole love
flows in the body of eternal thought.

ROBERT GITTINS

refusing to call them both Latin. Undoubtedly the difference is very real, and Louis XIV suffered from an optical illusion when he announced that the Pyrenees had disappeared from the landscape. But this flattening out of many nations into one race is worst of all in the third example—what we call the Slav or Slavonic race. Few Englishmen, after all, are ignorant of the existence of the Pyrenees, but many Englishmen, I fear, suppose that all Eastern Europe is pretty much the same. A man I know in Poland actually received quite recently a letter addressed to 'Warsaw, Russia'; to which I am glad to say that my Polish friend replied by addressing his own letter to 'London, Germany'. Now, there happen to be two books before me which both illustrate the truth in Mr. Guedalla's principle and how absurd it is to suppose that Poles and Russians are alike because anthropologists choose to call them all Slavs. Curiously enough, the first book describes Poles fighting for Russia, and the second book describes Poles fighting against Russia, and if possible the Poles are more different from the Russians when they are fighting for them than when they are fighting against them. The first is called *The Way of the Lancer*, by Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward, and describes very vividly the very curious adventures of Polish cavalry conscripted to fight for the Czar under that old tyranny which divided all Poland between three tyrants, who lived on into the Russian Revolution and did their best to continue the war for the Allies, under Kerensky, though all Russia behind them was in final ruin and change. That was the paradox. The Russia that was supposed to exist no longer existed, and the Poland that was not supposed to exist already existed. But it is quite clear that the Polish regiment, like any English or French regiment, remained itself, while all Russia, which had always been different from us, was becoming different from itself. *The Way of the Lancer* has too much for my antiquated taste of the modern manner of describing the horrors of war, but there is a great difference, once

admirably expressed by Maurice Barrès. He used this fine phrase: 'I do not mind your bending human nature down to the mire, so long as you do not break the spring'. We have had too much of pessimist descriptions of war that are only meant to break the spring. But the spring of these Polish cavaliers was never broken.

The other story is more strictly a traveller's tale, for it is the tale of brilliant young Americans who went over Eastern Europe in aeroplanes. It is called *Wings over Poland*, by K. M. Murray, and describes what may truly be called one of the great decisive battles of the world—the defeat of Bolshevism by the Poles. These young American flying men beheld from the air, spread out below them, the vast strategy of the last great decisive battle of history, like Marathon or Chalon or Tours. Only, as it happened in an age of journalism, it was not properly recorded. Bolshevism was in its first and fiercest mood, ready to sweep over the whole of Europe. If it had taken Warsaw it would certainly have gone on to Berlin and overwhelmed Germany and Europe. And it very nearly took Warsaw. The strategic story is intensely and intrinsically exciting, whatever be our political views—the story of how Pilsudski took one of those great and almost ghastly risks that decide military history, like that by which the great Sir John Colborne won the Battle of Waterloo. He drew off the forces defending Lwow, which was at the point of surrender, and swung them round so as to join in an attack which smashed the flank of the advancing Red Armies. Well, things are very different now, but if the Red Armies had gone on then I do not think there would have been any stopping them anywhere. And whatever else this epic conflict shows it shows that, after all, Mr. Guedalla is right in a way, and there is no sense in classifying people by anthropological divisions of breed, or saying that all people of that race are the same, when so many millions of them are ready to die to show that they are different.

Autobiography in the Novel

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

Part of one of Mr. MacCarthy's talks in his 'Art of Reading' series; next week we shall print the talk on *Emily Brontë* and *'Wuthering Heights'*

THE novel which is my subject here, Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*, is not, like *David Copperfield*, autobiographical in form, but in substance it is part of the inner, personal experience of the author. It is a projected account of one of the most important episodes in Charlotte Brontë's life. In character the heroine, Lucy Snow, is Charlotte Brontë herself, and the setting of the story is derived from her visit, together with her sister Emily, to a girls' school in Brussels in 1841; and the hero, Paul Emmanuel, is a portrait of a real man, though the real man did not behave like M. Paul.

The plan of the two sisters (a poor parson's daughters) was to set up a school in England for young ladies. In order to qualify themselves to teach French they went to learn it in Brussels at a girls' school. Charlotte was now a young woman of twenty-five. At the end of the first half-year they were invited by the headmaster and mistress, M. and Mme. Héger, to stay on and teach English there. Presently they were recalled to England by the death of their aunt, who had provided the money to send them to Brussels. M. Héger then wrote an appreciative letter to Mr. Brontë saying how sorry he was to lose the two Miss Brontës, and offering to either of them a paid position (modest, of course) in the school, if either were willing to return. The way it was settled was this: Emily was to remain at Haworth Parsonage and look after her father; Charlotte was to complete her education (M. Héger taught her himself) at a cost which would almost be covered by what she would earn by taking an English class in the school. Later, much later, Charlotte wrote to her great friend, Ellen Nussey: 'I returned to Brussels after Aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my senseless folly by a withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind'. This is rather a startling comment on a step which on the face of it seemed a prudent one. Why was it senseless folly of her to go back, and why did she have to pay for it so dearly?

Now when students began to examine the novels of Charlotte Brontë they began to find that no novelist had used more personal experience. The range of that experience was narrow—a Yorkshire parsonage in the days of slow communication and stern upbringing—yet they found that Charlotte Brontë had put into her stories practically everything of importance that had ever happened to herself. She had, of course, known her father's curates—well, there they were, recognisable, in *Shirley*; she had been sent to a harsh school at Cowan Bridge, where her little sister died—there at the beginning of *Jane Eyre* was the school recognisable in many details. She had suffered from humiliation as a governess in a large family—there were those sufferings in the next chapter of *Jane Eyre*. True, there was

no sign of a Mr. Rochester in her life. No: Rochester was a daydream, a wish-fulfilment dream, and as a creation in fiction he bears the stamp of one. He is not real; he is a Sheik—the sort of Sheik, of course, that a Charlotte Brontë would dream of, but he is not her work at its best. In *Villette*, too, they found the descriptions of the boarding-school in the Rue d'Isabelle corresponded to an actual one, and that in many respects M. Héger had borne a likeness to Paul Emmanuel. They concluded that Lucy Snow's passionate devotion to M. Paul was a reflection of what Charlotte Brontë herself had felt for M. Héger. They were right. But when this was first suggested there was an outcry. What happened is well narrated in Mr. E. F. Benson's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. The notion was resented that anyone of her puritanical strictness and integrity could have allowed herself to fall in love with a married man. The debate went on. More and more arguments were brought to support the theory. But, above all, people's estimate of human character began to change. It no longer appeared ignoble or disgraceful that she might, to her misery, have loved where love could not be and was not returned. It began to seem to people even beautiful in Charlotte that she should have given her heart so completely, however unfortunately for herself. So, long before the letters were discovered which proved the story, most of those devoted to the Brontës accepted it. Then, sixty years after her death, her letters to M. Héger were published—desperate, lonely letters, and his cold answers to them.

I have chosen *Villette* as an example of the autobiographic novel. Let me give a proof from Mr. E. F. Benson's excellent *Life of Charlotte Brontë* of how close it often is to actual fact. Those of you who have read *Villette* have not forgotten the poignant scene when Lucy Snow, in misery and bewildered loneliness, and in spite of her passionate Protestantism and distrust of all things Catholic, tries to find comfort by confessing to a priest. Well, in a letter written by Charlotte from Brussels, she describes behaving in the same way.

I think if you allow that, naturally, for the purposes of the story M. Paul had to be unmarried, and allow for all that immediately follows from his being so, and also for a few fantastic episodes such as the ghost, *Villette* is a transcript from life, as close to it as flesh to bone. Did you notice when you read it how strong the author's impulse was to make Lucy's love-story end tragically, like her own? Out of mercy to her readers or, perhaps, in concession to her publisher, the author left it just possible to believe that M. Paul did come back from America after three years, and that their love was crowned; but she could not bring herself to end happily a love-story which in its emotions was her very own. Do you remember after the description of the storm which wrung Lucy's heart, the end: 'Here pause: pause at once,

There is enough said. Trouble no quiet, kind heart; leave sunny imaginations hope. Let it be theirs to conceive the delight of joy born again fresh out of great terror, the rapture of rescue from peril, the wondrous reprieve from dread, the fruition of return. Let them picture union and a happy succeeding life. Charlotte could not picture that happiness herself; it would have been too unlike her own love-story.

But *Villette* was not only fed from her experiences at Brussels. Graham Bretton, 'Dr. John' (except that poignant passage which describes Lucy's longing for his letters), belongs to another part of Charlotte Brontë's life. Dr. John and his mother were contributions to the book from a visit Charlotte paid to her publisher in London actually while she was writing *Villette*. Mrs. Smith was recognised by her friends in Mrs. Bretton. And two incidents of this London visit may also be recognised in *Villette*. One is connected with a lecture which Thackeray gave and Charlotte Brontë attended. After it, the great man came down from the platform and making his way to the small shy lady, sitting next to Mrs. Smith, eagerly asked her how she had liked it. The austere Charlotte Brontë was not only embarrassed but repelled by his question, which would have flattered most women into delight. Well, do you remember the moment in *Villette* when Paul Emmanuel behaves in exactly the same manner after lecturing? Lucy Snow then makes some sharp comments on his lack of dignity and self-control. It was on that London visit, too, that Charlotte Brontë saw the French actress Rachel who made such a profound impression upon Lucy Snow in *Villette*, and inspired in the book one of the most eloquent passages Charlotte Brontë ever wrote. I dwell on these points because they show how autobiographical novels are written. You see, like a bird building its nest, Charlotte Brontë gathered twigs and straws from near and far to make her masterpiece. But the branch, so to speak, on which she built it was the deepest emotional experience of her life.

Still it is not only because *Villette* is typical of the novel that is made out of the stuff of life, out of what has been actually lived-through by the writer, that I chose it for my subject. I chose it also because it is one of the best love-stories ever written. I thought so when I understood love better than I do now, but years have not altered that judgment. Not the least charm of it as a love-story is the character of M. Paul. 'That magnificent-minded, grand-hearted dear faulty little man', as Lucy calls him, has his place among the immortal figures in fiction. Swinburne even compared him with the most famous heroes, with Don Quixote and Uncle Toby. Well—in making that comparison I think he missed the secret of Charlotte Brontë's success and its limitations—what I have been talking about, namely, that M. Paul is, unlike Don Quixote, unlike Uncle Toby, a particular person, not a generalised creation;

not the result of an overflow of observation, but of passionate concentration upon a man actually loved. He is so real that even if we did not know it we might guess at once that he had been drawn from a living model.

Few characters in fiction, I think, convey so well that he has within him the power to love. Once this has been felt the faults of his irascible temperament, and the extravagant importance he attaches to trifles which makes him perpetually create storms in teacups, endear him all the more. As for Lucy Snow herself, who can help attributing to her also the rare gift of loving? Certainly I have faults to find in Lucy's character, and they are faults which belong to Charlotte Brontë herself. Nevertheless, Lucy is the most sympathetic heroine in all fiction to the lonely, the plain and the proud. She is aware of her own unattractiveness in the eyes of most people, and still more of her inability to express her warmest feelings or to take life gracefully and easily. So was Charlotte Brontë. It was one of Lucy's faults to be extra hard on other people who were not like her in those respects. So was Charlotte Brontë. I have said to myself sometimes, Charlotte will undoubtedly go straight to Heaven, but her punishment will be—who does not deserve some punishment?—to find far more handsome, well-bred people there than will be at all pleasant to her.

To the seven stories written by the three sisters the world has agreed to add an eighth, namely, the story of their lives, which is the most remarkable of them all: so Professor Elton writes, in the last volume of his masterly *Survey of English Literature*. Well, to those last seven words I demur. Though the romantic tradition of the Brontës has added force and significance in the eyes of posterity to what they wrote, I think at least two of the seven stories, *Villette* and *Wuthering Heights*, are independent of any interest in the authors, and of what Henry James called 'the attendant image of their dreary, their tragic history, their loneliness and poverty of life'. Again I find myself protesting at those words. If 'life' is measured by its intensity and not merely by its variety of experience, there was surely no 'poverty' in the lives of the three sisters.

Is not the moral of their lives rather that where art is concerned, even fiction, in which knowledge of the world is so important, the experience of the writer need not be wide, if only it is deep; that even ignorance of the world may be a help to the novelist when it comes to writing, and that starvation of the emotions, so negative a condition in itself, may provide positive material of the utmost value? More than that. Perhaps the condition of producing what shall move others is an arrested impulse in the writer which can find no other outlet. Compression by circumstance is apt to release imagination; beauty is often better seen from behind bars, and out of dearth may spring the flowers of imagination.

Debate on Scottish Nationalism

(Continued from page 811)

oars, but will always necessarily seek to be in the forefront of industrial development. That was the spirit which created our shipbuilding industry. It is this new dependence on imaginary charity which will kill it.

There are other small countries in Europe similar to Scotland. Countries like Denmark or Holland or Norway which successfully maintain themselves without submerging their identity in that of a larger neighbour. Are the Scots less worthy of national responsibility than the Danes or the Norwegians?

The same mentality produces the amazing argument that it will cost us more to govern ourselves than it does to be governed from London. Frantic efforts are being made to show that Scotland is not at present bearing her proportionate share of taxation as compared with England. Even if these are successful they will only show that our national income has declined infinitely more than England's has in the last decade, and that is simply proving our case. According to the returns of 1921—the last which are obtainable—Scotland contributed for Scottish services £33,000,000. Our complaint is not so much that the balance of £86,000,000 is an unjust proportion for Imperial services, but that it is almost entirely spent in England. Even the kilts for Scottish soldiers are manufactured in London! If we ensure, as through self-government we can ensure, that the proceeds of Scottish taxation will circulate in Scotland, then at one stroke we shall have done much to lessen the cost of government and to increase the volume of Scottish trade and commerce.

I am tired of answering these self-contradictory arguments. What is the state of Scotland today? In the Highlands our glens are deserted, the homes of our fathers are in ruins, fishing villages which once maintained a thriving and independent community are sunk in the misery of despair. Schools which were built for 200 or 300 children are lucky if today they have a roll of more than 20 or 30 pupils. Everywhere are visible the terrible

signs of depopulation and national decay. In the industrial Lowlands the tale is the same. Factory after factory is closed down. Ever increasingly the finest artisan class in the world is condemned to perpetual idleness. Our shipbuilding yards which were once the pride of the world lie silent and empty. The Clyde, the great mother of ships, has become no more than the gate-way of emigrants. The whole sad story is summed up in the census of last year, that terrible budget which showed that in ten years the population of Scotland declined by 40,000, while in the same time that of England rose by 2,000,000. In face of such figures our 35 per cent. of additional unemployment in Scotland appears, as it is, a ridiculous understatement of the true comparison between the affairs of England and Scotland today.

That is one side of the picture. On the other hand we know what Scotland might be. We know that there is land to be drained, there are roads to be built, bridges to be engineered, canals to be widened, houses to be set up. We know that there is work for every one of us, that we are rich in all the compounds of prosperity. We lack only the power to make of Scotland what we all know she can be.

We do not hate England, but we love Scotland. We seek no fantastic form of national separation and isolation, but we must win national self-respect and self-dependence. We remember that Scotland is one of the founders of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and we demand for her a worthy place in the Councils of that great enterprise. We remember, too, that Scotland is a citizen of the world, and we wish her to fulfil her international duty of contributing to the progress of civilisation. But most of all we see the distress which afflicts our native land, and all the fires of patriotism inspire us in our resolve to build her life anew. There is our faith. Let no man counter it with foolish self-deception. For it is a faith which has its roots in all that is finest and noblest in human endeavour. It is a faith which cannot fail to triumph in the end.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Energies of Men. By William McDougall Methuen. 8s. 6d.

MORE THAN EVER are the psychologists split into numerous schools and sections who fight each other's claims and miss each other's points. Only a few weeks ago, at the International Congress of Psychology in Copenhagen, it became evident that the various schools could not even agree on the principles and application of psychology. True, they talk some sort of an international language, and know each other's terminology all right; but they are divided into opposite camps who are bound to misunderstand each other. The old contrast of regarding psychic life as organic, as do the psychologists in the German and French speaking countries, or as mechanic, as do most American and Russian college professors, once more crystallised out.

At such international meetings a good deal of fruitful discussion takes place outside the university rooms, and at these informal meetings it was always only one name which was accepted in both camps as rather *hors concours*: William McDougall. Though he was not present himself at the Congress, his life's work has dominated many a discussion. The Americans, knew him to be their best man in the field, and the Germans, who usually speak very disrespectfully indeed of American college professors, took it for granted that he was the one exception to their rule. Professor McDougall's experimental work (particularly his experimental test of the old Lamarckian doctrine of the inheritance of acquired traits) has placed him in the forefront of all experimental psychologists, while his books (among which are the two which are condensed in the present book under review) show him as a man of deep understanding of the hormic psychology which he professes, and which comprises almost all important European schools and differs conspicuously from 'American' psychology. 'Reforms are necessary' (he says); 'and reforms, *viz.*, reactions against the narrowness and sterility of the atomising, mechanistic psychology of the universities, are a rising tide at the present time'.

Professor McDougall is *hors concours*, indeed. He stands above the parties. He is a first-class critic, but a constructive one. He accepts the best he finds in other research workers, but challenges any orthodoxy or one-sidedness. 'The Gestalt movement is but a harbinger of the more comprehensive reform that is needed in academic psychology'. Dr. McDougall has no doubt that in the near future the prejudice which still leads so many biologists and psychologists to deny all natural function to our mental activities will be recalled by historians as the strangest aberration of the human mind. He does not believe in the strange fashion which sets mental activities apart as non-natural events having no place in the natural world. He does not allow himself to be misled by the brilliant oratory of those who deny the purposiveness of all our actions, but frankly confesses that any of his ideas on psychic phenomena are those of a purposive or 'hormic' psychology.

The book is more than its publishers claim for it when describing it as a condensation of the author's two volumes, *An Outline of Psychology* and *An Outline of Abnormal Psychology*. It is, of course, a revised version of the two previous books, but the author has so much kept pace with the most recent research that we are here presented with an almost new work.

It is, in our opinion, the best unbiased survey of most, if not all, important contributions to the science of psychology, but at the same time also an original contribution to the research on the energies of men. There is philosophical depth in the thoughts, versatility in the way the author attacks the problems, broad-mindedness in the understanding of other men's points, discipline and self-criticism in the valuation of diverging views, and an inborn power of combination in the way he often unites two half-truths of others to some definite and novel whole truth of his own. The brightness and simplicity of the style make the book easily intelligible also to the lay reader, who may accept it as a reliable guide over the wide field of modern psychology.

Son of the Morning. By Edward J. O'Brien Cape. 10s. 6d.

Many books have been written about the tragic life of Nietzsche. His life, like his philosophy, has given rise to a great deal of controversy. Mr. O'Brien, or at any rate his publisher, claims to have written a true and complete story of that life, to have superseded all the German biographies and to have cleared up the doubtful and disputed points. He seems to prove, but no doubt some will find difficulty in accepting the proof, that the real secret tragedy of Nietzsche's life was his love for Cosima Wagner. To some extent that love was returned, but she remained faithful to her husband. The interior conflict that arose from this thwarted love had the profoundest influence on Nietzsche's philosophy. His friendship with Lou Salomé, that also ended in disaster, was a secondary episode, painful and

humiliating, but wholly subordinate to the other. Unbalanced, or at the least not normal, from the start, deeply affected as a child by the circumstances of his father's death, isolated and thwarted in his affections, the unhappy man was driven, in self-defence, to his philosophy of revolt and despair. He aspired to deity, believed at moments that he had attained it and crashed under the mental strain. Solitude weighed heavily upon him, but Mr. O'Brien shows clearly enough why he was condemned to it. 'Nietzsche never forgave a friend for being different from his ideal conception of him. He never permitted a friend to develop according to a different ideal from his own. He had no right to demand that life should shape itself in his own image, but he constantly did so. He never respected personality. He must mould it to his own conception or else break it'. . . . 'The human Nietzsche was patient. The "divine" Nietzsche slew without warning. The "divine" Nietzsche was to slay even the human Nietzsche at the end in its lust for the godhead'. The story as here told is mainly psychological. No doubt drugs, to some extent, played their part, but probably Mr. O'Brien is right in making it a very subordinate one.

In Defence of Children. By Dora Russell Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

This is a book that everyone who is interested in education, but not in touch with what for brevity we may call its 'modern movement', should read. Here Mrs. Russell not only states shortly what the upholders of 'progressive' methods believe to be the right way of treating children, but also (what is exceedingly important for any newcomer) says explicitly and with figures what are the facts upon which these educational radicals base their direct reversal of many of the classical dicta of the educationalist. She proves that in the world of today, as in the world of yesterday, children, in spite of our fine phrases, do need to be defended. In the struggle for existence and in the dynastic wrangles of noble families, children have constantly been used as storm troops. She points out indeed how familiar the theme is. Its primitive economic phase forms the theme of *Sussex Gorse*, for instance, whose story is that of the farmer who bred ruthlessly from a fragile wife that he might have sons to help him conquer the waste lands surrounding his farm. In India, in China, the story is the same. Where economic capital is not made out of the children, they are often 'used' by the parents psychologically. The children are necessarily, but none the less dangerously, the parents' immortality in this world. They are often expected to make up in the most literal way for what the parents missed.

She touches on the many domestic problems of our time—the child and divorce, the child and religion, the child and the rights of the mother, the problem of poverty, and of infant and maternal mortality. Those who may have begun the book more or less satisfied with the state of the law, of public opinion, and of our current ideas of right and wrong, will certainly feel, when they have read some of her facts, that, if they do not approve of Mrs. Russell's idea of reform, then it is all the more urgently necessary for them to produce remedies of their own.

One interesting side point is made both explicitly and by implication. Women, when free and not in a state of revolt against *Kinder, Kücher und Kircher*, do not necessarily become 'unsexed', so that woman's growing self-confidence is producing a new, natural and active type of 'womanly woman'.

The Brontës and Other Essays. By G. F. Bradby Oxford University Press. 5s.

This is a pleasant little book for reading in idle moments. Its main function is to tell about the Brontës—that never-failing source of interest to the serious readers of poetry and fiction—but it also has essays on Dr. Arnold, Woodforde (the 'Country Parson') and Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'. It concludes with an interesting paper by an unashamed Victorian on 'Gain and Loss', always a captivating subject to those who have passed the meridian of life. They will, many of them, have pleasure in recalling what the author truly calls 'the Golden Age of the professional classes'—the days of 'large families and a large hospitality; of cheap coal, cheap clothes [is that correct?] and cheap service'. He acknowledges the dim side of the picture: 'the ragged, unhealthy children in mean slum streets'. It was not a Golden Age to them. Still he is justified in his criticism on the specialisation and intensive training that make games irksome to so many boys, and also to the loss of beauty evidenced in the tracts along the south coast which resemble 'nothing on earth so much as a great gooseberry bush ravaged by white caterpillars'.

However, the Brontës form the *raison d'être* of the book. Here the author makes Clement Shorter's collection the basis of his essays, and now we are awaiting the completion of the great

'Shakespeare Head Edition' in process of being issued. But in any new material there will probably be nothing to cause Mr. Bradby to alter his views. The Brontës will always be a mystery to us, though one which we shall not cease to try to unravel. Mr. Bradby gives us a good and reasonable account of Charlotte's marriage to Mr. Nicholls, though it does not seem necessary to insinuate that worldly considerations had much to do with the acceptance of the hand of a man whose addresses she had so far rejected. She was lonely and had passed through terrible sorrows, and Mr. Nicholls was sympathetic and reliable. That merely suffices as an explanation. Mr. Bradby says that after marriage Nicholls had demanded of her friend, Miss Nussey, that she should burn Charlotte's letters as soon as read 'whenever they contained any glaring indiscretions'; but he will find that this strange husband said more than that; *i.e.*, that she must give him a 'plain pledge' to the effect that Charlotte's letters were all to be burned 'as you receive them!' Ellen Nussey only made this promise on conditions that made it null and void.

The paper on Emily Brontë leaves her the 'enigma' that she was, but that on the 'Brontë Legends' is a useful antidote to many undocumented tales that have arisen regarding the three sisters—stories which do not bear careful examination—and also discredits the idea that Branwell Brontë had any claim to the authorship of *Wuthering Heights*. This conclusion will appeal to most unprejudiced readers.

Libraries and Living. By L. Stanley Jast
Grafton. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Jast, who retired last year from the office of Chief Librarian of the Manchester Public Libraries, has long been known as a most vigorous and eloquent exponent of the vital function of books and reading in the national life. He has now collected into a volume a number of his addresses, wireless talks delivered from the North Regional Station of the B.B.C., short essays and poems—for he is also a poet and playwright. If he has not quite escaped the peril of repetition which besets any such collection, he has the advantage of the maxim that 'what I tell you three times is true'. Nor can his main lesson be repeated too often. It is that what matters to you is what you read, mark, learn for yourself. That is an education which stops at death (if then), and of which education technically so-called is only the grammar. And Mr. Jast claims that in an educated and self-governing society, public libraries are instruments of true culture second to none. It is amazing, we can but agree with him, that historians of nineteenth and twentieth-century England have paid so little attention to an instrument that has done so much, and yet whose possibilities are so much greater than its achievement. But, as he says, 'we have to appeal to imagination on behalf of imagination'.

Not many of Mr. Jast's essays deal with libraries, fewer still are addressed to librarians, and none deals with library technicalities. Rather he addresses the man on the other side of the desk, throwing out, as himself a reader, vivid hints on the art of reading—an art of which he says there ought to be professorships founded in universities, on the civic dignity of cities, even on shopping (a pre-Christmas broadcast this), as well as a substantial and at the same time a very fresh essay on love and lovers in Shakespeare. But it is to the words of wisdom on reading to which one returns, and especially to the paper on the reading of the young, in which Mr. Jast tells us that he (like all true readers) devoured a grown-up library when he was a child. Length was no deterrent. Had Gibbon been there he would have read him; he was not, and therefore remains an unscaled mountain peak. But while preaching the duty and the joy of reading, Mr. Jast knows its limitations. 'Book-knowledge', he says, 'is not knowledge at all. It is the shadow of knowledge. . . . Books never made anyone wise yet, and they never will'. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher.

Life and the Public Schools. By A. A. David
MacLehose. 10s. 6d.

To have been a headmaster might be considered by some to be a disqualification for writing a book with such a title as *Life and the Public Schools*. The most accurate photographers of public school experience are those who have just left school. Their picture may be limited in the area it covers, but that area is often far more faithfully represented than it can be by one who has sat upon the peak of autocracy far above the turbulent plain. But Dr. David, in spite of the conspiracy of silence that prevails at these places, has penetrated that conspiracy more successfully than others. At the very beginning he suggests that bullying of all sorts is on the decline. But, while his evidence cannot in the nature of the case be the evidence of an eye-witness, and at best is only second or third-hand, we can be grateful for his vision, which is manifestly acute. It is true that he does not suggest that boys have ceased to conceal the practices of their fellows from the eye of authority. But it would be an impertinence to remind so experienced and successful an administrator that the higher the authority the more difficult to discover the true condition of affairs. If prefects are honestly ignorant of the irregularities

of their charges, how much more difficult must be the task of the headmaster!

This book is courageous because it does not Burke the most difficult aspects of the subject. In the chapter on 'Authority, Conduct and Character' the chief difficulties in the system are humanely described and their proper treatment is suggested with an enlightenment we could well wish to be general. The best chapter is that on 'Reading, Writing and Thinking'. It contains entertaining quotations which we are glad to see perpetuated by inclusion in this book. The boy's essay on 'Fires' cannot be commented upon. For reasons which will be apparent to its readers it will be found to be beyond criticism. That such an essay could be written goes far towards justifying the environment of the writer. Dr. David seems to think that the solution of a problem of admitted gravity lies in the rapid evolution of the public schools rather than in their supersession. We are inclined to agree, as, so far, there are no signs of the emergence of an adequately comprehensive substitute.

Dr. David ends with two chapters wholly devoted to the religious question. Incidentally there occurs this passage, which may bring hope to those who are concerned for the circumstances and equipment of the adolescent: 'It is too easily assumed that only the few can attain to the sense and enjoyment of beauty, that the ordinary British boy is a Philistine, and that we must take him as he is. I have learned to believe otherwise. I have known many boys by no means exceptionally gifted in themselves or favoured in their home surroundings who have developed a genuine delight in beauty as expressed in literature and music and art'. May all headmasters come to exhibit the same sympathy, wisdom, and discernment!

A Wanderer in the Promised Land
By Norman Bentwich. Soncino Press. 7s. 6d.

'It is the essential romance of Palestine that the scenes of the day-to-day struggle with nature, of modern enterprise and agriculture, are steeped in human history, so that the associations of the Prophets of Israel, the Sages of Judæa, the warring Kings of the nations, the knights of the Crusades, and the paladins of the East are continually about the worker'. Mr. Bentwich writes of New Palestine in the making. His essays arise from a foundation of profound knowledge, and with competence and workman-like selection of the essential instruct the reader without doing what is so easy, overcrowding his attention. His sympathies are with the Jewish effort to regenerate the land, but are expressed quietly and without aggressiveness. His survey includes Syria and Damascus, Petra and Trans-Jordan and Sinai; and he writes also on 'Egypt in Palestine'. The book, unlike those of Gentiles about the Holy Land, remembers the moving story of the love and longing of mediæval Jewry for their nation's former home; Maimonides and Moses, Jehudah Halevi as well as Isaiah, all have their place in his presentation of the legend. The depth of the author's feeling for this noblest of all lands is not the less effective for the restraint which uses it as merely a pulsing undertone. For politics, we have an illuminating chapter on the trouble that arose over the use of the Wailing Wall.

Little Missions. By Septimus Despencer. Arnold. 6s. This book is a combination of personal anecdote and serious examination of politics in Central Europe. It is in this combination that the fault of the book lies. The author's impressions of persons and places are delightful, as when he calls to mind the famous Café Sacher of Vienna ruled by that irascible old lady, Frau Sacher, who boxed the ears of her waiters and insulted Archdukes. In the convivial atmosphere of this Viennese café many important and far-reaching agreements have been arrived at. If the author, who represents himself as connected with a number of diplomatic missions, had confined himself to telling his readers of incidents such as these, the book would have avoided falling between two stools. But he appears to base judgments of political situations upon old reminiscences. It would have been better had he made no attempt to discuss serious politics and history, for it is here that he lays himself open to the charge of having an inadequate knowledge of actual facts. For instance, in speaking of the pre-War days of the Hapsburg rule in the Austro-Hungarian Empire he says: 'It was a gentle, tolerant, accommodating rule, infinitely more liberal than anything which has anywhere succeeded it. It did violence to no one, and was particularly successful in protecting minorities, such as the Germans in what is now Czechoslovakia and the Ruthenes in East Galicia, from oppression by the majorities'. This quotation will provide some amusement for those who knew Central Europe before the War. The Germans then were ruling Austria and oppressing the other 'nationalities' and appeared very far from needing any 'protection'.

The book gives the impression of being based on data which is at least ten years old, and this gives rise to the assumption that the author has been out of touch with any progress which has been made in Central European countries since 1918. This, however, does not detract from the genuine interest in reminiscences.